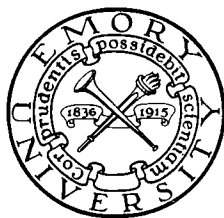


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OLD NICK:

A

SATIRICAL STORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A PIECE OF FAMILY BIOGRAPHY, &c.

Διδωσιν ὁ Θεὸς παίζειν.

JULIANI IMPER. CÆSARES.

THE SENSE OF RIDICULE IS GIVEN US, AND MAY BE
LAWFULLY USED.

DR. JOHNSON.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR MURRAY AND HIGHLEY, NO. 32,
FLEET-STREET.

1801.

**T. Bensley, Printer,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street.**

TO THOMAS HILL, Esq.

AS all my fellow-creatures have pursuits of pleasure that occupy their leisure moments, I do not see the reason why I should be denied the same privilege. Nor can I discover a solitary argument to prove that the amusement I take in writing is not, to the full, as praise-worthy as that which others find in racing, dancing, hunting, fighting, or any of those numerous diversions that engage the idle hours of mankind in general. At all hazards, I have, undoubtedly, one circumstance in my favour which they cannot boast of—I am paid for my entertainment; they always pay, often dearly pay, for theirs.

Such is the objection of serious folks to works of the present description, that I have
a *thought*

thought it well to advance thus much in my defence—with you I know I shall require none. You will view these pages, which I dedicate to you, with an eye of friendship, from which I have every thing to hope, and nothing to apprehend. I have, therefore, no more to add, but that while you are perusing this Dedication, I am some ten or twelve degrees nearer the sun than I was when I wrote it. However, let me assure you that, whatever my degree of latitude or longitude, so long as I dwell on this side of the Poles, you will still retain my best good wishes, and an unabating portion of my esteem.

Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans
mare currunt,

is an Horatian precept, which I here translate in this manner;—I may change my climate, but, with respect to you, my mind will remain the same.

THE AUTHOR.

October 10th, 1800.

P R E F A C E.

Necessary to be read.—Lying.—Its virtues.—Wonderful effect of anger.—Truth “flat and unprofitable.”—How to puff one’s self, as if accidentally.—Officious lying explained.—How any girl may write a novel with very little trouble.—Novel writers vindicated against the charge of not being natural.—Sickness and health, which best for an author.—Poverty and wealth treated in the same manner.—The title to a book,—its importance.—A visit to the bookseller’s. — Stalls. — Hamlet. — Butter.—The author fixes on the title of his work.—Why he calls it OLD NICK, the reader will never know, if he does not read the preface.

THE preface to a book, like grace before meat, is often, either cut very short, or

wholly neglected, by those who feel an avidity to feast on what the author, or host, may have provided for their literary or carnal appetites. A preface cannot, however, in the present instance, be dispensed with, as it is absolutely necessary for the information of the reader, in some very important matters relating to the following pages.

PETER CUNÆUS, a very learned and sensible writer, who lived in the fifteenth century, began a pleasant little work, in this manner. "I will act honestly with you. Know, therefore, that not one thing I am going to write about, is true. It is my pleasure to laugh, and to jest, and to narrate things that never happened. *"

Bound up in the same volume is a satire, written in Greek, by the emperor JULIAN, on the twelve CÆSARS †; which

* P. CUNÆI, *Satyra Menippea Incastrata*, p. 23.

† JULIANI IMP. CÆSARES, p. 184.

his majesty prefaces by saying,—“If it be true, or a mixture of both truth and falsehood, the work itself will shew.”

Now this is a sort of candour I admire, and, admiring, shall scrupulously follow. The history I lately published *, was all matter of fact; but this, my friends, is all factitious matter, or such matter as it is a matter of little importance to me whether you believe, or not. My former production succeeded to the utmost of my hopes. But it must be confessed, that it made some people exceedingly angry †, which, I can confidently affirm,

* A Piece of FAMILY BIOGRAPHY.

† Great grief has been often known to change the colour of the hair; but the pathological student will be surpris'd to hear, that excessive anger and vexation have produced the same effect, to a much greater degree, on a wig; not only changing Mr. LE DUPE's from white to brown (a change entirely opposite to the usual one), but, also, totally altering its form, turning a long-tailed peruke into a brown bob.

would not have been the case had it been false.

We should grow wiser as we grow older. Indeed, I think nature (if possible) to blame, for letting any one increase in years, without increasing in wisdom; for what can disgrace her more than a *foolish old man*? For my part, I am wiser than I was, inasmuch as I am, now, an inoffensive, good-natured creature, who never shock the delicate nerves of my friends by telling them the truth.

M. de FONTENELLE said, that "S'il tenoit toutes les verités dans sa main, il se garderoit bien de l'ouvrir, pour les montrer aux hommes:" if he held all the truths in the world in his hand, he would take care not to open it, to shew them to mankind *. And who shall call his

* To this effect, also, SINESIUS, who further declares, "That truth is very hurtful to mankind, but that falsehood is of the utmost service to them!"

prudence into question? When we know that to undeceive a man, in the veriest trifles, often makes him our enemy, whilst strengthening and supporting him in his errors, seldom fails to induce him to make us his bosom friends. In other words,—prevent his falling into a quagmire, and he'll beat you; help him into it, and he'll reward you. Such a fool is man! He would rather sail in the bark, that should glide over halcyon seas, to be wrecked, at last, on the rocks of Scylla, or lost in the whirlpool of Charybdis, than in that which, for a short period, should buffet the winds, upon a troublous ocean, finally to cast anchor at “the blessed islands.”

Even I, now, wise and good as I am *!

I am

* I own I have here given myself something in the shape of the “puff direct;” but every one is not blessed, like Mr. CHALMERS, with the art of praising himself, without seeming to intend it.

I am not wholly free from this weakness. Suppose, for example, I were to ask any one's opinion of the present work, and he should tell me that it was the worst he ever read, do you imagine that his having spoken the *truth* (for that I must admit) would satisfy me, and make me praise the soundness of his judgment? No, indeed! For, believe me, we never ask men's opinion of our personal beauty, conduct, or works, with any desire to hear the *simple truth*.

This "acrimonious, touchy, old gentleman," in his supplemental apology, thus addresses the late Mr. Stevens.

"You admitted, indeed, that the object of your obloquy was a *good sort of man*; but you constantly asked, what can he know of Shakspear? He has written *VERY ABLE tracts upon trade*, but what can he know about Shakspear? He has written *an elaborate book* of political annals; but what, &c. He has written several lives with *KNOWLEDGE, AND ELEGANCE*; but, what, &c. In all his writings, he certainly gives *us something new: new facts, and new principles*, but, what, &c."

I call this the perfection of self-eulogy!

As

As vice possesses the key to the door, which virtue shuts against every thing the world terms pleasure; so has falsehood the clue that leads through the maze to preferment, in which truth is bewildered, and, though strong, is often worn out, and exhausted, by vain and fruitless endeavours. The speech of MIMOLOGOS should therefore be written in letters of gold. "In the second book, of Pseudology, cap. iii. v. 30," says he, "are these words," 'Oh! that men were wise, and would consider what pleasure and profit there is in lying, and they would never speak the truth again *!'"

Truth, then, will not do; at least, it has never been found to answer the purposes of the world. Historians, says my

* See *Cupid Stripped*, p. 26. In this book is another passage, which, merely because it respects lying, I shall quote. "*Officious lying*, is when a man lies with *his own wife*; but this is a thing not much in use now-a-days, and therefore I'll but lightly touch on it."

friend PETER *, who profess to write nothing but serious facts, fill their pages with impudent falsehoods. Of poets †, CAMPANUS has declared, that lies are wealth and power to them. They feign whatever they please, and deem it a right glorious palm to lie well!

After all this good argument (an authority which will, I trust, have due weight in propagating the wholesome doctrine of lying!) who shall dispute my right, in a work of this description, to lie as much as I like? I think I have proved that I have excellent ground to go upon, and am well supported by ancient and reverend precedent.

* PETER CUNÆUS, p. 23.

† The works of poets and historians are, on this account, permitted to live and die unmolested. Most of those which are burnt, or prohibited, are so used, because they contain abominable, seditious, blasphemous truths, which being universally known, would tend to the subversion of some religious or political system.

I shall

I shall find it more troublesome, I apprehend, to make it appear that my task is arduous, and difficult of execution.

Mrs. MORE *, in her strictures on education, says, that “by the time a girl has read three novels, she generally feels herself able to write a fourth. “If this be really the case, it must be, according to SHAKESPEAR, “*as easy as lying* ;” and, as I promise to do nothing else, I cannot with much propriety with the reader (as some authors have) to imagine the labour almost insurmountably great. This †, too, affords

* Though many little misses, and full-grown ladies, may be very much incensed against Mrs. MORE, for treating their favourite employment with such contempt, I must own, that the numerous excellent things she has, in a masculine and convincing tone, advanced, in her *Strictures*, for the good of society, force me to forgive her, with all my heart.

† When I wrote this passage, I thought the promise of uttering no truth, with SHAKESPEAR’S word for *the easiness of lying*, insured me some advantage over those who promulgate the dull, un-

affords me an advantage over novel writers in general, who, notwithstanding all the pother made about a lack of nature, write considerably more in conformity to nature than rigid critics are ready to allow. And here, once for all, I beg leave to say, in their defence, that a novel, the persons of which are all marked by character and sense, or wit or humour, is by no means so *natural*, as those we see every day, without any one of these qualities to distinguish them. Want of character, sense, wit, and humour (unless it be ill-humour), is consummately natural; whilst

interesting truth. But I have since read a book, written by ROBERT FELLOWES, who is, by the bye, one of the cleverest fellows I have met with for some time, which contains this sentence; “It is more natural, and *easy*, from the influence of the principle of association, *to speak truth than falsehood.*”—A Picture of Christian Philosophy, second edit. p. 222.

This assertion he clearly demonstrates, and I desire that my labours may be esteemed accordingly!

bringing

bringing together ten or twenty people, belonging, perhaps, to two or three families, all of whom are noted for either character or sense, wit or humour, is positively (granting its existence) a most preposterous phenomenon *in nature*.

Though I have this advantage over them, that I shall not adhere so very closely to truth and nature, yet have I a counterbalancing disadvantage, which I will not conceal. It is common with them, and, indeed, with all kinds of authors, to inform the reader, in a preface, that they have long laboured under bad health, that their works are the fruits of those hours, and that they consequently entreat the favour, and deprecate the severity of criticism. I, on the contrary, request permission to intimate, that I expect much greater indulgence than any person of the above denomination, and for a cause of a very opposite nature, namely,—too much vigour, and rude health.

health. Than which, I think, it must be allowed, that nothing can be more inimical to literary pursuits. Whatever blemishes there may be in my work, I wholly ascribe to them. The vigorous, healthy, man rises to his studies, and, before he has been long engaged in them, the sun, perhaps, shines into his room, or a thousand pleasures occur to his imagination, all of which he is able to enjoy; he, therefore, either continues his labours with an absent mind, and does what he is about in a slovenly manner, or quits it, and does not do it at all. But the sick man goes to his work, and bestows on it all the toil and attention necessary. He can immure himself, for the sun shines into his room in vain,—he must not leave it. His pain (if his illness be painful) renders him doubly attentive, that he may forget it. He employs his nights in polishing his works for he cannot sleep, which I can, Heaven knows! like any dormouse.

dormouse. All these are benefits unknown to the healthy man ; and it is he, and not the sick man, that has a claim on lenient criticism.

There is also another thing, which they put in the form of an excuse for their imperfections, viz. that they are in want ! But this is too idle to deserve notice. Is wealth necessary to make good writers ? Does it make them ? No, never ! But poverty, as THEOCRITUS* says, and we know the observation to be true, poverty alone gives birth to arts. She is the mistress of toil, and the cause of every thing that is praiseworthy †.

* Idyl. xxi.

† Numberless are the excellent literary works that have been produced in sickness, and in want, that would never otherwise have seen the light. Dr. HENRY wrote his History of England when confined to his bed. Dr. JOHNSON, in indigent circumstances, and oppressed by bodily and mental affliction, accomplished his dictionary. Does any one think he would have done it better if he had been rich, and in a perfect state of health and happiness ? In my opinion he would not have done it at all !

And

And now I come to the last piece of information I have to communicate. It regards my title, which is, I assure you, no very easy thing to fix, for on that, and not on what follows, often depends the temporary popularity of a work.

After having left my manuscript with the bookfeller, for about a week, I waited on him, to know his sentiments of it, and to consult about the title. On entering the shop, I was told, by a spruce young fellow behind the counter, that his master was then engaged, but that if I would stay ten minutes, I might see him. This I readily agreed to, and, being convinced that the young man knew my business, I leaned across the counter, and in a tone of voice so soft, and agreeable, that NESTOR's, though sweeter than honey *, was nothing to it, asked him whether he had heard any

* HOM. II. i. v. 249.

thing of my work, and whether he thought his master would purchase it?

“Purchase it, sir!” he exclaimed, “you are certainly not aware of the price of paper and printing, or you would not ask such an unreasonable question! Do you imagine he will venture to publish it?”

“Bless me,” said I, not knowing that he had his cue to prepare me for his master, “you give me very disheartening intelligence!”

“No, not at all,” he replied; “do you see those two large bales at the farther end of the shop? They are the poems, sonnets, novels, &c. of a female now dead,—her works died with her. Whilst she was living, by *constant* advertising, and perpetual *puffing*, they were in some request, but since these have ceased, we, having no demand for them, mean to dispose of them to the stalls, for what they will fetch.

fetch. I cannot contemplate them," continued my loquacious young gentleman, "without exclaiming, with HAMLET, that is, varying him a little, "To what base uses we may return, HORATIO! Why may not imagination trace *the works of this fair author*, till he find *them employed to line a trunk, or wrap up butter?*"

For the honour of the profession, I could not help answering him in the words of HORATIO, "'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so."

He immediately went on with HAMLET, "No, faith, not a jot: but to follow *her* thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus—*The author died; the author was buried: the author being no longer able to advertise, and puff her works, they came to the stalls. But still hanging on hand, they were sold for waste paper: and why, being thereto converted, might they not line a trunk, or wrap up butter?*" •

"*The*

"*The sing-song author*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might, *wrapt round butter*, keep the *grease*
away.

Oh ! that *her works*, which made our critics
grin,

Should *line a trunk to put your linen in* !

But soft ! but soft awhile,—here comes the
king * !"

Saying this, he fell to packing up a parcel, and I turning round, saw his master approaching. After wishing the other gentleman a good morning, he came smiling up to me, and begged I would retire with him to his office. I found him the very reverse of his shopman. It seems, indeed, that it is the business of the latter to rub up an author's bristles, and of the former, to smooth them down. After the infernal preparation I had received, added to my usual modesty, I could not be very exorbitant

* Act v. Scene I.

in

in my demands; we therefore presently made our agreement, and nothing remained to be done, but to determine on the title of the work.

Booksellers, as well as the poet*, know that *a name often pleases*, and mine desiring me by all means to give my history a *catching* title, I, still thinking of HAMLET, instantly proposed to call it after him, "the MOUSE-TRAP."

"I like wit well, in good faith," said the bookseller, who seemed as well versed in SHAKESPEAR as his man; "that would be a *catching* title indeed, and I should much approve of it, but that I recollect a publication of travels called the *Mouse-trap*, many years ago, which did not take at all."

"Ay!" cried I, "well, then, let us think of something else. What say you to "OLD NICK?"

* THEOPHIL. Id. xxvii, v. 40.

"Why

“Why he is, indeed,” replied he, “an object of general concern, and one about whom every body is interested.”

“But,” added I, “the title will not relate to the work.”

“Pooh,” he exclaimed, “is not that the case with most works? But this title suits you in a double sense. Have not you declared that you will tell nothing but lies? Well; your work, and your title do not agree; it is a lie therefore, and of course you are consistent. On the other hand, “OLD NICK” is the acknowledged father of lies.—Your book is full of them, and you have consequently called the child after its father’s name.”

“Then OLD NICK be its name!” I ejaculated; “and if any one should ask me further reasons than you have given, I shall say,

“Marry, how? tropically. This
for

Story is——. You shall see and, 'tis
a knavish piece of work; but what o'
that? *You* and *I*, that have free souls,
it touches us not. "Let the galled jade
wince, our withers are unwrung!"

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

CHAP. I.

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THAT which puts an end to all the undertakings of other men shall be the beginning of mine—death.

Before I enter, however, upon a scene
VOL. I. B of

of such awful interest to every human being, I shall dwell for a few moments on the history of one whom it more nearly concerned.

Barclay Temple was the only son of a gentleman of the same name, who had inherited three thousand pounds a year from his father. His mother dying in his childhood, young Barclay became the sole hope and comfort of his remaining parent. Having no one else to provide for, his father resolved not to withhold from him any accomplishment that money could enable him to acquire. And, as no man deserves the name, or can support the perfect character of a gentleman, without the education of a scholar, our hero was sent at an early age, under the care of a private tutor, to Eton School.

At this seminary of learning young Barclay distinguished himself as much by his promptitude and acuteness, when urged by necessity, as by his love of play and idleness, whenever he was able to indulge

dulge in them. Before he left Eton, no boy could expound a classic better than himself. I might say the same of the number of lines he could learn by heart, and the comparative goodness of the verses he made; but these are things of barren merit, being of much trouble and little use. On this subject our hero has since often expressed himself to this effect: "What we committed to memory we committed like parrots, and were only cleverer than parrots, inasmuch as we could remember more words. Our best verses were composed of hemistichs of one ancient author tacked to those of another, which we found ready cut and dried in the *Gradus*. Those we invented were in respect to poetry, and would have sounded to the ear of an old Roman like this line, which Dr. Johnson made to ridicule heroic blank verse, with proper quantity, but no other pretensions to poetry:

“ Here, lay your knife and fork across your plate.”

“ An hexameter verse may be made of the beginning of Tacitus ; and such is the verse of school-boys in general. Much time is lost in such fruitless employ.”

Another observation of his is not undeserving of notice : “ Boys at school are made to read authors for the sake of their words, when, like men, they should read them for the sake of their sense. The one will quote you an author for the authority of a word, the other for an opinion. The difference between them is as the difference between two persons who should value a house—*this* for its brick and mortar ; *that* for its beauty and convenience.”

After going through Eton school with considerable eclat, he was sent to Oxford, and became a gentleman commoner of — college. His tutor, at Eton, not having received any promise of future provision

provision from the elder Mr. Temple, and being, I cannot say *remarkably*, because he was like many others of his profession, much attached to an Eton life, CRICKET, &c. declined accompanying him to the academic bowers. His loss was soon repaired.

Our young hero was at this period about nineteen years of age ; his person, above the middling size, manly, but not Herculean ; his features were finely marked, animated, and capable of expressing every passion of a soul, which his eyes of a light blue pronounced not more full of fire, than of tenderness and philanthropy. His dark-brown hair, without powder, curling in his neck and over his forehead, added an unaffected grace to that sensibility which beamed in his countenance and shone forth in all his actions. In a word, Nature had endowed him with those evidences of body and mind which “ give

assurance of a noble and ingenuous youth."

With such desirable and engaging qualities it will not be surprising that he should be the object of universal esteem. He was so to the greatest degree; but with a capability of perception and discrimination above the common race of men, he could not think all those who excelled in drunkenness, or other feats of a like exalted kind, worthy of being made his bosom friends. Not that he always resisted the attacks of petty vices. His blood ran merrily through his veins, and he indulged in them to a greater extent than his cooler judgment could approve; but, however agreeable his companions might be at the time, he could not in his serious moments view them with that respect, without which no *friendship* can exist.

One, however, of his associates, found

an

an easy passage to his heart, and would have usurped the whole, but for another, a fairer claimant, to whom the heart of man more properly belongs. Except a small corner, in which he lodged his father, they were its entire possessors. Cruel possessors that robbed it of its happiness !

Two events now occur to be related before we take our leave of Oxford, which, though apparently trifling in their beginning, teemed with the future joy and misery of our hero.

Of the first, as we shall speedily have an opportunity of entering more fully into it, we shall merely add, that the friendship he formed was with a fellow collegian, whom he had known at Eton. He left Eton before young Barclay, but they had loved each other there, and now renewed and confirmed that affection which had taken place in their boyish days. So inseparable were they whilst at college, that they were named the Orestes and Py-

lades of Oxford. Inseparable as were their persons, their minds and manners were widely unconnected; their looks and figures wholly dissimilar. The one, as I have already described him, was all openness and candour, good humour and kindness; the other was all mystery and reserve, misanthropy and forbiddance, to every one but this his only confidential friend. We shall shortly go further into his character; at present it is sufficient to say, that he had completed his studies, and quitted the university to pursue the law, for which purpose he had repaired to Lincoln's Inn, some time previous to the occurrence of the second circumstance, which I shall now repeat in our hero's words:

“ Being fond of all public amusements, especially of such as partook of any science, I was a constant attendant at our great music meetings. The last I visited did not long precede the grievous calamity

lamiſy that befel me: a calamity which could alone for a moment drive from my mind the ſweet delirium it had enjoyed. Oh! happy moments! fleeting joys, gone never to return!

“ The meeting was ſo crowded that I could procure no ſeat, or was, through common politeneſs, obliged to relinquish that I had obtained to the firſt lady who needed it. I therefore ſtood with my ſide againſt the wall, and my face towards the performers.

“ Every thing for ſome time went on admirably well, and the moſt profound ſilence was obſerved, when ſuddenly, during an exquisite ſonata on the violin, a voice was heard accompanying it with *Fa, la, la, la, ſol, la, mi, fa!* I, as well as many others, turned round to ſee from whence this interruption proceeded, and ſaw not far from me a very whimſical looking little thin lady, painted to the eyes, and dreſſed in the moſt curious and

gaudy manner, sitting by the side of an overgrown, clumsy youth, with a broad, vacant, ridiculous face, clothed precisely after the style of his neighbour. She had fixed her eyes on the ceiling, and in an apparent ecstacy, with her hands beat time to the vocal part, furnished by the young gentleman her neighbour. A general hiss quickly taught them to understand that their addition would be readily dispensed with, and they desisted; but not without giving several proofs, by look and gesture, of their ineffable contempt for the want of taste in every one present. In doing this I perceived that a young lady, who sat with them, was of their party. She was at first covered with blushes, which gradually vanished, and left me to gaze on the most lovely face I ever beheld. The roses of happiness bloomed on her cheeks, and the lilies of modesty were sweetly blended with them in her heavenly countenance.

What

What wonderful beauty, innocence, and love, were there! "Who," cries Hogarth*, "but a bigot to the antiques, will say, that he has not seen faces and necks, hands and arms, in living women, that even the Grecian Venus doth but coarsely imitate?" I am no such bigot; for I have seen them all, fairer, and more perfect far!

I now no longer bent toward the performers, or heard their music; all my senses, my whole soul, dwelt in my eyes, and them I could not move from the fairy-form that fascinated them. Being above the crowd, and fixing my sight continually on her, she soon observed me, and, oh! may I not flatter and deceive myself! seemed pleased with my attention. The more I looked, the more she appeared to regard me; and when for a moment, through fear of offence, I turned my eyes

* Cap. on Compositions with the Serpentine Line.

away, I ever, on recurring, found hers rivetted on mine.

“To hear with eyes belongs to Love’s fine wit*.”

And we long conversed together, and plainly heard the sentiments of each other’s soul.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil flow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy ;
SHE has a stamp, and prints the boy †.

But how immaculate, how different from all-other sensations of love were mine ! Though wild, and somewhat too dissipated, no improper, no unbecoming thought entered my mind as I beheld her. We looked at each other with a tenderness of affection which seemed to beget no fear in the breast of either, but a placid, tranquil regard, that inspired the most unlimited confidence.

* Shakespeare, Son. xxiii.

† Waller.

“ These

“ These delicious minutes appeared of short duration, but the remembrance of them will last long :—they have kindled a fire in my bosom, pure as Vestal virgins, and everlasting as their flame !

“ With two more interruptions from the young gentleman, who could never be silent when a quick movement was playing, our concert concluded. The assembly rose, and hurried to the door. The crowd being excessive, I could scarcely keep my eye on the fair one, who was pulled along by her grotesque companions, without much ceremony. By the time I got out, I saw them at a little distance, the night being fine, walking towards the inn. Before I was able to reach them, they entered. I made all possible inquiry about them, but the house was so thronged, and the people so busy, that I did it without effect. I waited till every body was gone to bed, and then retired to my abode, disappointed, but not unhappy.

happy. My feelings were pleasing, though strange.—I felt as if I had changed hearts with her; and her's, as yet unused to its new residence, was turbulent and restless.

“I went to bed, resolved to resume my post early in the morning. For some hours after I lay down, I could not sleep; but toward the morning, tired of watching, I sunk to rest, and did not wake till the day was far advanced. My dreams were delightful, it is true, but of what comfort were delightful dreams to me, when I arrived, and found that those I inquired for were unknown, and, that the music meeting being at an end, they had departed in their travelling chaise, above two hours previous to my coming? Of what comfort indeed! Comfort I had none. I strove to believe that all I had seen was but a dream, but my heart refused to connive at the deceit.”

I am not acquainted with the opinion
of

of the reader with respect to my hero ; but, if I may judge of him myself, from the specimen he has given us, I think, without any violation of my system (see the preface), he may now and then be safely trusted to speak for himself. I don't believe that even I could have put more lies into so small a compass. But perhaps the reader will imagine, with ROUSSEAU, that the lover sees the beauties in his mistress which he extols ; and though he tells lies, he does not lie *."

* J. J. Rousseau à Julie, p. 141.

ARIOSTO has a thought not very dissimilar in these verses:

Quel, che l'uom vede, amor gli fa invisibile ;
E l'invisibil fa veder amore.

Orlando Furioso, cant. i. st. 56.

The meaning of which is this :—Love makes that which every other man sees, invisible to a lover ; and that visible to him which is invisible to every one else.

C H A P. II.

What people are too apt to forget.—Gregory arrives.—Irish consolation.—The two common ways of giving energy to an assertion reprobated.—Gregory's news.—Where to apply the spur when you are in haste.—A death-bed.—Seduction.—A child.—Terrors.—Death drops the curtain, and it naturally follows that there should be an end of the chapter.

IT is not impossible that many of my good friends, who are themselves but too forgetful on *that subject*, may think *the death* I talked of at the beginning of the last chapter, has escaped my memory. However they are mistaken, for I shall proceed toward it with all the alacrity they would exert to get out of its way.

Some

Some days subsequent to the event we have related, our collegian was suddenly visited by an old favourite domestic, who had lived with his father even before Barclay's birth. He made his appearance one morning at breakfast. Barclay received him with his usual affability and kindness.

"Well, Gregory," said he, "what brings you here? Some good news I hope. I dare say now you have brought me some cash. Well, not the less welcome on that account. Come, sit down, and let me hear all about it."

To unfold the object of his mission Gregory had no objection, but to sit down in the presence of his young master, was a thing his great respect would never suffer him to do. Honest Gregory had, beside this, several peculiarities in his character, of which the reader will know more when he has known him longer. We must now confine ourselves to the im-

portant conversation that passed on this occasion.

When our hero said, "Come, sit down," he had pushed a chair to him, on the other side of the breakfast table. Gregory, bowing, took the chair, and turning its seat towards his master, placed his hands (things which he, like many men of much better breeding, often found very troublesome appendages) on the back of it.

"I am right glad, my good young master," replied he, "to find you in such rare health and spirits. You will need both, to support you under the sad, sad misfortune that has befallen us all!"

"Misfortune!" iterated Barclay, "what misfortune?" "But don't," continued Gregory, "don't let it sink your noble heart; bear up,—bear it like yourself." "Bear what?" cried our hero, with impatience.

Gregory, without positively replying, still went on, with the best intention in
the

the world, striving to calm and mitigate the grief which he conceived a disclosure of the fact might produce. This Hibernian mode of cure, though not uncommon, only served to excite the curiosity and inflame the mind of the hearer. The more impatient and alarmed Barclay appeared to be, the more fearful was Gregory of removing the veil. At length, in one of his mistaken consolatory addresses he said, "But heaven is merciful; the doctors have given him over it is true, but if heaven has not given him over, d——n the doctors, he may still live!"

Every man has his way of lending force and weight to what he wishes should make an impression — Some fancy they do it by offering a bet, others, too many others, like Gregory, by uttering an oath. They are equally bad, gentle reader! and are seldom called into action but to support what does not deserve credit, and would not otherwise be believed. If
the

the bet therefore were often taken, both the wager and the oath would be extremely expensive, the first in this world, the latter in the next.

Gregory had scarcely finished this speech, when Barclay started from his chair, and seizing hold of his arm, cried, with a commanding, but yet a fearful voice, "Do you talk of my father? Gregory, Gregory, I will be kept no longer in suspense!"

Gregory would have obeyed, but his feelings overpowered him, and he burst into a flood of tears. Barclay was affected,—he took him kindly by the hand, and conjured him in softer terms to tell him the worst. But this tenderness only served to make bad worse; for, though it inclined him to do it, it deprived him for some time of the power. Barclay stood, during this interval, in a state of dreadful anxiety. Finally, for there is an end to tears as well as to smiles, Gregory recovered sufficiently to relate,
in

in broken accents, the purport of his visit. With a word of consolation every moment as he proceeded, he told him, that his father had been in very low spirits, and, though previously much attached to society, had kept no company since the last vacation ;—That his appetite failed, and a fever coming on, the physician pronounced him in a rapid consumption. “Why, why,” interrupted our hero, in a tone of anguish, “why was I not informed of this before?”

“Your father,” replied Gregory, would not permit it :—but cheer up, my young master. Well, within this day or two he began to spit blood : but cheer up : and his feet swelling, the doctors gave him over. But come, cheer up : now, cheer up. The moment this was made known to him, he called me to his bed-side, and told me to fetch you to him without loss of time.”

Gre-

Gregory now continued his consolatory theme unheard by Barclay, who throwing himself into his chair, and concealing his face with his hands, remained in silent abstraction for some seconds. Presently starting up, he ordered Gregory to go instantly and order a chaise. But the next moment recollecting himself, he said, "No, no; stay you here; you do not know the way so well as I do; besides, my good fellow, you need refreshment. See that you get it immediately. In ten minutes we depart." Saying this, he hastened out of the room.

Gregory had no appetite; he therefore employed himself, until the chaise arrived, in preparing a few necessaries for young Barclay, which would otherwise have certainly been neglected.

The roads from Oxford to London are so good, and the post-horses so ready to go when their drivers are properly spurred, which was the case in this instance,

stance, that I shall make but a step from the one place to the other.

There is nothing more awful in nature than the bed of death. Nothing more affectingly interesting than to see a beloved son kneeling there and receiving the last blessing of an expiring father: a blessing far better and more valuable than that bestowed by healthful parents: a blessing pronounced with the departing breath of one, who, standing as it were on the very porch of immortality, may more confidently hope to be heard by him from whom all blessings flow. Such, however, was not here the case. He who wants the forgiveness of his children, and dreads the just anger of God, can have no blessing to give that can be expected to avail them ought.

Our hero found his father attended by a nurse and two physicians. As he entered the room with Gregory, his emaciated countenance, which his son could with difficulty recognize, was for a mo-

ment illumined with a ray of pleasure and satisfaction, that seemed also to warm his heart and afford his whole frame a short-lived vigour. Seizing Barclay's hand with a convulsive grasp of inexpressible feeling, he requested those who were present to retire and leave him with his son.

Barclay having seated himself on the bed, held his father's right hand tenderly in his. The old gentleman, leaning his head upon the other, remained in that posture a few moments, as if to collect his scattered thoughts. At last, raising himself on his pillow, he began :

“ See, my son, to what a state I am reduced : it is deplorable ; however, it will soon be at an end ; but you, my son, where will your —— ”

Here his repeated sobs prevented his utterance, and he fell backward. Again, summoning all his resolution, he renewed his speech.

“ My time is short, I will therefore be
brief

brief and open. Do what you will, say what you can, you cannot add to my affliction: I am ruined: you are a beggar. You, my son, (too good for such a father!) whom I have brought up as a gentleman, thinking I could amply provide for you, (and Heaven knows how well I could have done so, but for my accursed avarice) are now abandoned, and left to seek a subsistence, without being instructed in the means to gain one. I lent my fortune, by degrees, on speculations that have gradually involved and consumed the whole to nothing. You may upbraid me, my son, but you come too late to break my heart!" "What," cried Barclay, with an affected smile, "and shall this rob me of my father? No! I am able and will work; I can get a livelihood for us both, I warrant you.—Be comforted—let not a circumstance you could not avoid, and in which you endeavoured to act for

the best (for that I know you did), prey upon the spirits and destroy the rest of my father !”

The old man rising, and exclaiming “ My son, my son !” threw his arms about his neck, and wept bitterly.

Barclay, thinking he had succeeded, continued—“ Nay, my father, let not the fickleness of chance cast us down. The accidents of fortune form the misery of fools : wise men laugh at them. Do not imagine the generous education you have bestowed on me, will suffer any such low and grovelling sentiments to occupy my mind. No, dear sir ! he that has nothing to complain of but fortune is, believe me, of all mankind, the least in need of pity. Our consciences are clear, and we may still be happy ; indeed we may !”

As he spoke the concluding words, and hoped to see their good effect, his father uttered a deep groan, and precipitately
hid

hid his face beneath the clothes. Barclay was agitated to the greatest degree, but durst not speak. At length the father once more gave vent to his sorrows :

“ Hear, then,” cried he, “ hear, young man, the villany of your father ; and, oh ! let it live for ever in your memory. While I yet have time I will unburden that conscience, which you (judging, I hope, from your own) think so clear and blameless ; but which, in these my last moments (for I feel they are so), is my greatest torment and reproach. A little time before I married your mother, I, by chance, met with a lovely, virtuous girl in humble life, whom I plied with presents and with flattery, until, won by my arts, she trusted to my honour, and was ruined. She proved with child. I, at this period, a thoughtless young man, only contrived how to get out of the difficulty, and rid myself of the burden. She, poor girl ! could not afford to keep

the child; I therefore, as the shortest way, paid a sum of money to the parish-officers, thought no more of it, and, being tired of my conquest (for there is soon a satiety of unlawful love), I abandoned her. With your mother, though the best of women, I was justly never happy. Dying while you were young, the loss of her made me think seriously of the girl I had so basely wronged; but I was ashamed to inquire after her for some years. About three twelve months ago, however, my conscience oppressed me so severely that I wished to make some search, but knew not where. The only place I could think of was the work-house, where, perhaps, they might give me some information, as she might have been a more affectionate parent than myself. Seventeen years had elapsed, and I was at first deterred by the dread of finding my child, who was most likely illiterate, low-bred, and a disgrace to me.

However,

However, my compunction prevailed, and caused me to esteem no disgrace equal to that of leaving my child, and a woman I had ruined, probably in misery and wretchedness. I did as I resolved, but they knew nothing of her."

"Well, well!" ejaculated Barclay, with eager expectation, "but the child —; you ———"

"With trembling I questioned them about my child. At first they denied ever having had such a one; at last they recollected merely that, within a few years after it had been left there, somebody had come and taken it away, which, they told me, they were always very glad to allow of, if the person promised they should never return to trouble them more.

"From that moment I could learn nothing. Am I then a man," continued he, "to wish for life? What greater misery can I sustain? Have I not ruined a woman I loved,—once dearly loved!

and brought perhaps her infant, my child, to infamy and want? You, even you, my son, I have not spared! No, I have spared none, but, like a foul, wide-spreading pestilence, destroyed the peace and comfort of every thing within my influence. To live, then, were dreadful! To die! ——”

Here he suddenly fell back, and, as if some despairing thought had followed his last words, he groaned inwardly, and presently ejaculated, with a cry that pierced the heart of his son,—“O God! my brain, my brain!” and instantly went into the most alarming convulsion.

Gregory, who was ever on the watch, hearing an uncommon noise, rushed into the chamber, and assisted, by administering a draught the doctor had prescribed in those cases, to recover him. He then, unseen by the old man, withdrew to the farther end of the room.

Now

Now turning to his son, with a countenance marked with horror and dismay, he exclaimed, "Pray by me! let me hear some comfort!"

Barclay immediately took the prayer book, and kneeling by the bed-side, read some prayer which promises forgiveness to every sinner that repenteth. In this, fervently, but silently, he was accompanied by Gregory, on his knees, at the other end of the chamber.

When he had done, he found his father in tears, and over his features was spread the soft serenity of pious resignation, and heart-cheering hope.

Shortly after, feeling the sand of the last glass of life nearly exhausted, he begged his son's forgiveness for his past conduct. "Your conduct," cried Barclay, "has done me no wrong, only as it conspires to shorten your days. Live, oh! live, my father!"

The old man folded him in his arms ;—
'twas their last embrace ! Breaking abruptly from him, he said, " I go ! Tell your friend Keppel I did not forget him in my expiring moments, and do all that is in your power (for I have none) to reward the faithful Gregory." Then clasping his hands together, as if in ardent but humble prayer to Heaven, he breathed his last.

C H A P. III.

A good reason for a wife's grief at the death of her husband.—An epigram.—Who may be faultless.—What the author likes.—A soliloquy.—Keppel von Hein.—An ingenious simile respecting friendship.

WE may so far succeed in deceiving others by words and actions, as to make them long believe our feelings the very reverse of what they really are. We may, and indeed we often do, for a time, even cajole ourselves with the idea of being actuated by much nobler and purer motives than any to which we have a right to ascribe our conduct.

In Malabar, a stranger might easily form a false notion of the cause of so much grief as the wives constantly exhibit

there, on the death of their husbands, if he were not previously told that it is customary to burn both parties, the living and the dead, on the same pile. An epigram, written by a friend of mine, will put this instance in a clearer light.

EPIGRAM.

*On a woman of Malabar weeping excessively at
the loss of her husband.*

STRANGER.

Sure never with affliction more sincere,
Did widow heave a sigh, or shed a tear.

MAN OF MALABAR.

'Tis true ! but think not parting grieves her so.
They must not part ; and hence her sorrows
flow.

This Asiatic custom has one great merit.
It ensures the wife's *tenderest care of her
husband's health* while he lives, and the
most *unfeigned grief* at his death.

But

But to bring this reasoning more home to the subject we are upon, I shall inform the reader, that after old Temple had ceased to live, Barclay, leaving Gregory bellowing at the bedside, withdrew to a parlour below stairs, there to indulge the sorrows with which he was oppressed. Recollecting the fine sentiments he uttered to his father, it will naturally strike us that he must be wholly, and to the neglect of of all baser considerations, taken up in bewailing his loss. But if I have no doubt that he himself thought so at the moment, I have also no doubt that his grief was mixed, and in a great measure occasioned by the forlorn and pennyless situation to which he found himself thus suddenly reduced. It is far from my intention to insinuate any thing by this, that may detract from the generosity and nobleness of character which my hero possessed. With all his good qualities, he was still a man; and I contend, that

the feelings I have described are perfectly in conformity to those of human nature. The hero of romance may be faultless, but the hero who treads the paths of life must have his frailties. He that has no failings I disown. He is not one of us, and I care nothing about him. Give me the man who is not free from the little amiable frailties of his nature, and I will acknowledge him as my brother! He may with truth be said to be a wise man who never does any thing without knowing why he does it, and that it is right to do it. He is not however, in my eyes, more to be admired than envied; for most of our little pleasures arise from doing things for which we have no reason, or at any rate but a bad one. Now it is my opinion (and I heed not how many dissent from it), that he who is always wise is a fool. I will not affirm with ANACREON *, that *I wish to be mad*, but

* Od. xiii. on himself.

I will

I will say that I like to be foolish sometimes. Perhaps the reader will think before I leave him, that I like to be so too often.—But I don't care what he thinks ; I shall go on with my story.

This is a good situation for a soliloquy. Scene, a parlour. Barclay lying on a sofa before the fire. — After ruminating for some minutes on the death of his father, and on the circumstances which had so much embittered his last moments, he exclaimed, “ Oh, my father ! can I ever forget thy end ! Peace be unto thy spirit ! May the anguish thou hast suffered, added to the sincerity of thy repentance, atone for the crime thou hast committed, and render thee fit to be numbered with the happy ! Would to heaven that the rash and thoughtless youth, who, with cruel levity, course through the town in search of innocence, and count it glory to destroy it, had been present at thy death, and received the awful lesson it inculcated ! *I*
shall

shall never cease to think of it ! He who
takes from an amiable girl her virtue

“ Robs *her* of that which not enriches
him,
But makes *her* poor indeed ! ”

Would that this reflection, just as it is,
were more generally made ! ”

Grief is apt to make us all moralists.
Then think not the worse of Barclay, ye
belles : do not hate him for it, ye beaux !

Knock, knock, knock !

“ Come in,” cried Barclay.

“ But I can’t,” replied a voice, “ for
you have locked the door. Come, open
it ; open it, my friend ; I must and will
see you.”

Barclay rose to let in the visitor : ’twas
Keppel Von Hein, the friend whose cha-
racter I have so briefly touched upon, that
it may be well to add something more of
it, before we proceed with the purport
and end of the present visit.

Of

Of his family I can say nothing. Though often pressed on that head by our hero, he constantly avoided all communication; and the mention of it evidently gave him so much pain and uneasiness, that Barclay had long since studiously abstained from introducing it in the remotest way. I have said that he was the reverse of his friend, which will be manifested by the following short description :

He was considerably above the middle size, so much so as to be denominated a tall man; his features were bold and manly, but his brows were heavy and forbidding. In company he was agreeable, but often thoughtful and abstracted. His temper was irascible, and he rarely forgave an injury; being, from some unknown event, displeased with the world, he was generally very severe in his reflections. His acquaintances were few; friends he had but one: the former re-
 6 spected

spected him as a being cast in no common mould; the latter, who was Barclay, loved him in his heart, admired his virtues, and sighed over his faults, which, like his virtues, were great. He, indeed, was incapable of any thing little or trifling; there was no medium in his actions; wherever he felt an attachment, he left no means untried to make it mutual. Barclay had been his associate at school and at college; he knew that he would willingly sacrifice any thing for Keppel, but still he knew not how his affection for him had arisen to such a degree. "We cannot tell," says a certain author, "the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so, in a series of kindnesses, there is at last one which makes the heart run over."

This delicious drop, the sweetest in the
cup

cup of life, had Barclay experienced. This happy moment, worth whole years of common existence, he had enjoyed; but, like all other excessive pleasure, it came big with succeeding sorrow and affliction.

C H A P. IV.

The author appeals to the stars.—An offer.—Barclay's confusion.—Debtors, how treated in Athens, Turkey, and Rome.—Barclay's agitation.—What all Eve's children have in them.—The great sagacity of creditors.—They are well compared to the inhabitants of Cornwall.—A fair presumption that there must be a devil.—Gregory's plan to clear a house of bailiffs.

DEATH is a serious sort of thing ; it may produce a strange kind of grin on a man's face, but I don't see how it can in any way be brought to make him laugh. I say this that the reader may remember how we commenced our story, and consequently not expect any thing risible for
at

at least fifty pages to come. However, if he is resolved to laugh, prithee let him; but mind, I call the stars and the critics to witness that I am not to blame!

“ Well, my friend,” said Keppel, taking a chair and seating himself opposite to Barclay, “ I have just been informed of the calamitous circumstance that has befallen us. Excuse my using the word *us*; my feelings tell me that I do not use it improperly. To you he was a good father; to me an affectionate friend: and I doubt not but that he is gone to a better place.”

“ He was good, he was kind!” cried Barclay, “ therefore how great the loss!”

“ To lose any father, good or bad, is a great loss,” said Keppel, drawing his handkerchief across his eyes; “ but to lose one whose mild ——.”

“ Do not, my friend,” interrupted Barclay, “ do not aggravate my grief by telling me of the value of what I have lost.”

“ Far

“Far from it,” said he, “I could have no such meaning. To recount his good qualities, now that he is gone to receive the reward of all his works, should not aggravate, but calm your grief. Come, Barclay; come, my friend; let us not waste our lives in fruitless sorrow. Were we to weep ourselves into the grave, we could not save him from it: then let us behave like men. Appearances, if not real sorrow, which I know yours to be, require that the management of your affairs should for the present be entrusted to another person. Let that person be me. I will discharge the office faithfully, and like a good steward.”

Keppel here broke off, waiting for our hero's reply. Poor Barclay! what were thy sensations at this moment! He was determined not to destroy the good opinion his friend entertained of his father, by disclosing the horrors of his death-bed, and willingly would he also have concealed
the

the state of fortune in which he was left. The first was possible, the last was not; sooner or later it must reach his ears. He believed that his father had died insolvent: how could he tell this even to his best friend? The instant he pronounced the words "I am a beggar," perhaps his friend (as too many friends have done before) might turn his back upon him, and ever after shun his presence. This thought almost tore his heart in twain. To have become suddenly penniless was a cruel blow of fortune—however, it might be borne; but to think that he might probably lose the kindness and affection of one he held dear, not on account of his own misconduct, but because chance had deprived him of his pecuniary advantages, was scarcely supportable, even in imagination. He at length resolved to deal candidly with his friend, but not to break it to him immediately. 11

Keppel, ascribing his silence during these reflections

reflections to a very different cause, waited patiently till he should recover and think proper to answer him. Barclay, presently, with a forced smile, said,

“ Why I suppose now, Keppel, by your offer, that you imagine me loaded with riches? But what should you say if I were to tell you that my father died over head and ears in debt?” “ Poh! poh!” interrupted Keppel, “ nonsense.” “ Well, but tell me,” added Barclay, “ tell me now, as you are a lawyer, what would be the consequence to the deceased?”

“ Why,” replied Keppel, thinking to entertain and keep him in his apparent good humour, “ I am but little acquainted with law, although I am in the profession, and a gainer by it. However, I will tell you what I have read of laws concerning debtors in other countries and in former times. In Athens, the creditor had a right to sell his debtor, and, if he
did

did not produce enough, his children. It is so also in the law of Moses."

Barclay became very uneasy in his seat, and hid his face with his handkerchief.

"In Turkey," continued the other, "the creditor is allowed according to the debt to bastinado the insolvent debtor. Si non in ære, saltem in cute *. Now I like this custom, and wish it was in use in England.

"In Rome, the laws of the twelve tables permitted, if a debtor had many creditors, that they should divide his body among them."

As he pronounced these last words Barclay started from his seat, and walked up and down the room in the greatest agitation.

Keppel, who thought he had all this time been diverting him, was astonished at his conduct; and, still mistaking the

* If not out of his purse, out of his bones.

cause of his emotion, rose and entreated him not to give such unbounded loose to his sorrows. After some moments delay, Barclay ejaculated—

“ Why have you done this ! Did you say what you have said to punish me for my want of candour to you ? ”

Keppel looked at him in silent amazement. “ Tell me,” continued he, “ tell me, have you heard the worst ? ”

“ By heavens,” he replied, “ I know not what you mean ! ”

“ No, no ! ” cried Barclay, taking him by the hand, “ you could not, my friend, and say what you did. ’Tis not in your nature to distress the afflicted. My poor father too ! had you heard how affectionately he desired, with his parting breath, to be remembered to you, you would have died rather than have uttered a word likely to disturb his departed spirit.”

During his speech, and especially toward the latter end, Keppel pressed his

his

his friend's hand to his heart ; but remained still confused and in the dark as to the offence he had committed.

Mercy on us, that ever such a tender scene as this should be elucidated by three bailiffs ! but so it is. *Le Diable se mêle de tout !* ' The devil has a finger in every pie ;' and, indeed, ever since his affair with mother Eve, there has been more or less of the devil in all her children.

Barclay was about to enter into an explanation with his friend, but, just at the instant, a violent noise in the hall, by a posse of creditors and the three above-mentioned bailiffs, rendered it entirely unnecessary. The death of a man is no sooner known (and nothing is sooner known) to the creditors, than they gather about his dwelling with all that rapidity and hard-heartedness which distinguish the peasants and fishermen of Cornwall, when some hapless vessel is wrecked upon their inhospitable coast.

At this crisis Gregory entered abruptly, closing the parlour-door as he came in. His eye-lids were red with weeping, and the tears still trembled in his eyes. His looks were wild, and yet tempered with respect for the company before him.

“Oh, my dear, honoured master!” said he, “pardon this intrusion! forgive my boldness! Now, even now, the house is full of villains and scoundrels, who come to plunder it of all it contains! They call themselves creditors, but I call them villains, d——d villains! for, while your poor father was alive, they lived upon him; but, not content with that, they come now, as it were, to prey upon his bones. Oh, there must be a devil! I am now convinced of it; for, if there were not, how could such d——d rascals receive their just reward?”

Barclay threw himself on the sofa, and made no reply. Keppel sat in the window-seat, leaning on his hand, without uttering a word.

Gregory

Gregory proceeded:

"There is no time to be lost, sir; therefore, do not be angry with your old servant for being so impertinent as to ask you whether you have the means to send them about their business?" Barclay looked at him, and shook his head. "Then I have!" exclaimed Gregory. "If I don't clear the house in three minutes I'll be d——d."

Saying this, he turned on his heel, and was going hastily out of the door, when Keppel, jumping up from his seat, hurried toward him.

"What are you going to do?" said he, in a low voice.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Gregory, (stooping on the outside of the door and taking up a large cut-and-thrust sword, and two horse-pistols, he had brought there in case of need,) "only you leave them to me, that's all."

Keppel left the room, shutting the door gently after him.

C H A P. V.

Drunkenness and swearing.—Their merits discussed.—Fashions.—The praises of drunkenness.—A caution to girls.—A great evil incurred by sobriety.—A question from the reader, and half an answer.

I HAVE already animadverted on Gregory's habit of swearing, which he took to be the very perfection of eloquence, and the medulla of persuasion; but I did not do it perhaps so severely as some may think it deserves. However, let me say, that if there be virtue in words, whatever simple oaths might be in the mouths of others, they were, if possible, virtue in his, for he never used them but to express a just indignation; and, whenever he d——d a fellow-creature, I can con-

scientifically affirm that, as far as human foresight can penetrate, I verily believe the object of his censure was seldom in the high road to heaven.

Still must I candidly confess that it is a vile custom. It is a custom without excuse: a vice without merit. Now drunkenness has many merits and excuses. Let us take them separately. Swearing endangers a man's future welfare, without benefiting his present. It is clear, then, that it has crept in among us, like many other foolish fashions which bring neither pleasure nor profit. Indeed, if we look to the origin of most fashions, nothing can make us feel their absurdity more effectually. I shall mention two or three.

For no other reason but because the PRINCE found it convenient to wear a preposterous pad round his neck to conceal what might be disagreeable to see, preposterous pads became the rage. In WILLIAM's time, to lack a Roman nose

was to lack every thing. In RICHARD the Third's, you were nobody if you had not a hunch back. In ALEXANDER's a wry neck was *all the go*: and in PHILIP of Macedon's, to have more than one eye was quite a *bore*. The silly, not to say wicked fashion of swearing, was probably introduced by some such ridiculous precedent.

But turn we from this blasted and barren soil, to that fruitful one which yields the luscious grape and Love-inspiring vine. On the subject of drunkenness, if I know any thing of my readers, we shall dwell with rapture and delight.—To begin its panegyric. Will you have it in prose or poetry? I can write any how on this head. “Prose.” Very well.

HIPPOCRATES says that it does a man good to get drunk once a month. I won't say it follows, that it must of course do him much more good to get drunk
daily;

daily ; but I know there are many people who seem firmly persuaded of it. HORACE next tells us that poets who drink water can never make good poetry : and ATHENÆUS assures us that ALCÆUS and ARISTOPHANES wrote poems when they were intoxicated *. SOCRATES too was a clever fellow, and he, according to LUCIAN, was always drunk ; for, in conformity to his own confession, *he saw all things double* †. Further, let us take the word *Methe*. What does it signify ? Why both *Mirth* (the son of Bacchus)

* *And*, “NASO, Corallæis mala carmina,” &c.

MILTON ad Car. Deodatum,

El. vi, v. 19.

The worst of OVID's poetry is that which he sent from Scythia, where never vine was planted. What were ANACREON's subjects, but the grape and roses ? Every page of PINDAR is redolent of wine.—It is when warmed with the mellow cask that HORACE sweetly chants his Glycere, and his yellow-haired Chloe.

THOMAS WARTON.

† SOCRAT. Ὅρω——διπλα παντα.

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and

and *Drunkennes*; so nearly are they allied. Then FLACCUS affirms that wine makes us eloquent; and this is confirmed by KOTZEBUE in his *Benjowski*, where we read that fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water. Beside, when are men so full of morality, truth, and charity, as when they are half seas over? And let me add that HOGARTH observes, that “all the common and necessary motions for the purposes of life are performed by men in straight, or plain lines; but that all the *graceful and ornamental movements are made in curve lines.*” Such are all the movements of a drunken man; he must therefore be the most *graceful* of men.

It may be said indeed, that the vine has produced much evil; and I may be told as a proof, that Erigone was deceived by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes.—Well, I know it, and
I know

I know also that Erigone is not the only girl who has been deceived by means of the *grape*. But, now, in opposition to this circumstance, which is so trifling, when compared with the advantages I have already stated, let me ask whether sobriety has not its direful evils? Was not HERMAGORAS banished Ephesus for too great sobriety? Could inebriety cause any thing more afflicting, and more to be deprecated, than banishment!

But after all that has been, and may be said, in favour of drunkenness, and the little that can be advanced in support of swearing, it is to be feared that many will still continue to swear, and, oh, most unaccountable obstinacy! many persevere in keeping sober.

Gregory! Gregory! thou art surely one of the former! Forgive him, gentle reader, and believe me when I say, that he is not so vicious when he utters oaths, as many who never use them.

If this then were his only vice, would you not gladly change hearts with Gregory? Ay, but he had another. "What was it?" He was, my dear madam, (what I sincerely hope you are not) most excessively fond of,——I'll tell you by and by.

C H A P. VI.

An enigma, and rewards offered for a solution.—The author's antipathy to systems.—How to get rid of quarter day.—Some mirth proposed.—What is easy to say, but hard to do.—The Italian satirist.—Sermons not so dull as they are supposed to be.—Three anecdotes, and ha, ha, ha!

Now I'll give—no money, for I've got none to spare:—but I'll give the reader (if she's pretty) as many kisses as will make her lips as red as roses; or supposing the reader to be an abominable male animal, I'll give him,—I'll give him, this old, dry, stump of a pen, as a memento. All this, I say, will I bestow on them, if they will be so kind as to

tell me how Keppel acted in the affair just related, and what he did with Gregory after he had shut the door. What say you? You can't guess. Well then, miss, I shall keep my kisses and my pen to myself.

I hate systems. The division of time is one of the most unpardonable. Why must an eternal, never-ending thing be degraded by being divided into such paltry things as years, and months, and weeks? Why are we obliged, after every seven days we live, to have Monday again? How much better would it be to let Time run on his glorious course without mincing him in this base manner? And if we must have a name for each period between the rising and the setting of the sun, let us have a new one, one we have not lived before. In a word, let us not, for heaven's sake, be tacked to *Mondays* all the time of our existence! By this grand and noble way
of

of living, so worthy of immortal beings, we shall entirely abolish quarter day. What can be more desirable !

There is but one thing I will be bound to, and that is, to do nothing. Perhaps I shall not go on with my story in this volume, and perhaps I shall unravel the whole mystery in the next chapter. Come then, as we have got rid of the dull, heavy, labour of narration, at least for this chapter, let's have some fun ! Ay, but I said not long ago that you should not smile for fifty pages. It was a lie. Read my preface, I promised to tell you nothing else. Let me be consistent and chaste in my conduct, madam, I beg, although you may please to be otherwise.

It is easy to say a work wants more wit and humour ; but is it, sweet critics (I call you sweet, because, as the play has it, you are sweet souls, and good natured souls, *though you don't look so*), is it a matter

ter

ter of so little difficulty to furnish them ? How easy was it for me to say I would make you smile, but shall I find that facility in putting my saying in execution ? Have at you, however ! What now, if I were to abuse the minister ? Nothing is so easy : any blockhead can do it. And I know, by name, many people who would chuckle and laugh at the slander. But by Jove, madam, if I thought you could do so, my quill, worn out as it is, should move no longer in your service ! Still am I as much pleased with the man who finds fault with another, as if he praised him, so that he do it honestly. But the fellows who are perpetually libelling ministers, would continue their dirty work, unless they were bought off, even though angels should descend from heaven to minister to us. They are now a day (and I grieve to say it) worse than the Italian satirist, on whom

whom an epigram was written, to this effect :

“ He fatirized every body.”

“ No not every body,—he did not meddle with
God.”

“ I’ll tell you why.—*He did not know HIM !*”

Sorry am I to add, that at present, even the Almighty is not spared by men; who certainly know as little of HIM, as of their fatirical prototype.

“ Hey day ! What is this the way you make us laugh?—do you think a sermon will produce such an effect ?”

Faith, I don’t know any thing more likely, granting that they were written a century and a half ago. For instance, I am of opinion, that MENOT’S sermons, which were in his time gravely delivered, and seriously attended to, would provoke more smiles than any book written expressly for the purpose. Who can believe it possible that men, at any
period,

period, could listen, not only with patience, but respect, to what HELVETIUS * reports of a preacher at Bourdeaux, who, to prove to his congregation how much the dead were pleased whenever any thing was given to the monks to pray for them, said, "That at the mere sound of the money, *tin, tin, tin*, as it fell into the plate, all the souls in purgatory constantly set up a responsive roar of laughter, *ba, ba, ba! bi, bi, bi!*

Why

* Disc. xi. de l'Esprit.

In a note to this passage is a further proof of their monstrous ignorance in those days. A curate disputing with his parishioners about which should pay for *paving* the church, the affair was brought before a court, and just as the judge was on the eve of deciding in favour of the parishioners, the curate, with a serious face, made this quotation from JEREMIAH.—*PAVEANT illi, et ego non PAVEAM.* The judge instantly sentenced the parishioners to *pave* the church.

In the MENAGIANA is the following quotation from a sermon by CYRANO.—*En cas que vous vouliez faire votre devoir de Chrétiens, il vous reste encore deux cloches (one had been broken) qui vous le prêchent assez. N'entendez-vous pas qu'elles*

Why don't you join them ? Look at those *Agelastie* * critics ! Though I have made all the devils in hell laugh, yet cannot I move their iron muscles. I told you I'd make you smile, but I have failed. Well, what follows ? I have only kept the charter contained in my preface.

qu'elles sonnent tous les jours à vos oreilles, *don, don, don* ? Elles veulent dire par là, dévotion assistance, que vous devez faire force *dons* à votre curé. p. lxxix, tom. 1.

The point of these two anecdotes cannot be translated.

* *Agelastie*, though new, is a very proper word, but perhaps not intelligible to all. It came from *Agelastos*, and has two meanings. The first, *one who never laughs*, and in this sense I apply it to these solemn critics. The second is, *one who is never laughed at*. Far be it from me to use it, with this signification, when talking of critics.

C H A P. VII.

*Barclay's reflections on Keppel's absence.—
How Keppel and Gregory acted.—Our
hero's misfortunes not disagreeable to Von
Hein—why.—No such thing as disinterest-
edness.—Man always torturing himself.—
Dependence taken in a new, but very just
light.*

“**K**EPP^EL left the room, shutting the door gently after him.”

Perhaps he has shut it for the last time !
He now knows all, and I shall probably
never see him more !

Such were our hero's thoughts the moment he found himself alone ; and in this strain of grievous reflection he continued until he was suddenly interrupted by Gregory, who burst a second time into the
parlour,

parlour, exclaiming, " They are gone ! they're gone ! " " Gone ! " said Barclay, " How ? What have you done ? "

" Done ! I've done done nothing," he replied, " but they are gone ! If it had been left to me there would have been no risk of their ever coming back again : but —."

" But who has sent them away, I ask ? " cried Barclay, in an authoritative tone.

Gregory, recollecting himself, cast his eyes on the ground, ashamed of the boldness into which his joy had seduced him, and was about humbly to explain the whole matter, when Keppel returned. As he entered, he beckoned to Gregory to withdraw. The honest fellow stood for a few seconds gazing alternately at each, then, bursting into tears, hurried out of the room to give way to the overflowings of his heart. How I love such a heart !

Gregory, though armed at all points, had, as he declared, " done nothing."

Many

Many a warrior has done the same before him ! However, he would have executed much had he been permitted, and I think I now see him with his horse-pistols and cut-and-thrust sword paying away among the creditors and bailiffs, who all make to the door, willingly abandoning their demands rather than be paid in any such manner ; but this was prevented by the intervention of Keppel, who, on closing the door, entreated Gregory to let him first try what he could do by peaceable means. This could not be refused, and Keppel descended into the hall, leaving Gregory at the head of the stairs in perfect readiness to make a sally the instant his forerunner was defeated. His aid, however, was not required ; and no sooner had he learnt the success of Keppel than he threw down his arms, and hastened to his master in the way I have described.

Our hero and his friend, after Gregory
had

had retired, remained for some time silent. At length, Keppel seating himself and drawing his chair near Barclay's, took him kindly by the hand, and thus addressed him :

“ Forgive me, Barclay, the pain I have given you by using words which I really intended to have a very different effect. Come, I am sure you do forgive me, for you have known me too long and too well to think that I would say or do aught that might afflict you.”

Barclay pressed his hand.

“ It has been said,” continued he, “ that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends which is not disagreeable to us. I confess that I now believe it to be true ; for, amidst the sorrow I suffer for your losses, there is a feeling of pleasure which I can only account for by ascribing it to the opportunity it affords me of doing you service. You shall share my fortune, and I will think myself amply

ply rewarded if you will permit me to share your grief."

We blubber over trifles, but great affliction clings to the heart, and dries up all the sources, which, being supplied with tears, would much relieve us. The death of Barclay's father, and the cruel circumstances which attended it, made it a matter of no light grief. He had felt it deeply. It had violently agitated his spirits, but he had been denied until this moment the balm and comfort of a tear. The affectionate conduct of one he loved so much, and on such an occasion, thawed as it were the chilling sorrow that embraced his heart, and furnished him with abundance of tears. He wept, and his breast throbbed with mingled joy and grief.

Keppel perceiving the situation of Barclay's mind, and his inability to speak, proceeded—"Now, indeed, shall I have to thank fortune for her favours, which
ere

ere this I never did: nor have I had cause; for, in my opinion, prosperity is only truly desirable as it gives us the means of benefiting those we love. Success, good fortune, &c. are deprived of more than half their worth if we have no one to exult in and partake of them; but, if we have, it is doubled. Then, have I not reason for what I say?"

Barclay had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to reply:

"O Keppel, my friend! for you are indeed a friend! Who but you could act so generously, so disinterestedly?"

"Don't talk to me of disinterestedness," said he, "for there is no such thing. I only fear that I am too selfish. I would gain your love. Is this the acting without that hope of reward which deserves the name of disinterestedness?"

So Barclay made no answer, but by a look equally indicative of his feelings. I,
however,

however, shall not let it pass by without making my comment on it. Admitting that a man can never act disinterestedly, (and I think it must be admitted, for, supposing we receive the slightest gratification, and we generally receive a great deal in what are called our disinterested actions, we cannot be said to be perfectly disinterested) yet he may by custom (I recommend it strongly to the reader) seem to do so; and it is an amiable trait in any character to appear to set the happiness and interest of all we converse and are connected with before our own.

Keppel now informed his friend, that he had by Sir promises been permitted by the creditors to arrange his father's affairs.

"Suffer me," said Barclay, with great agitation, "suffer me to inquire one thing? If there should not be enough to discharge them all, will they have any power over
the

the body of my father ? Can they prevent his sacred remains from being deposited in a peaceful grave ?”

“ For the world,” cried Keppel, “ they should not touch a hair of his head. Be at rest on that point. Happen what may, his ashes shall not be disturbed.”

Shortly after this Keppel retired, at Barclay’s request, to investigate the affairs, and to form the best scheme of procedure.

Man is so constituted by nature as to be perpetually teasing and worrying himself to no end. Whatever he does, he does wrong, and quickly repents of it ; it might either have been done better, or it would have been better if it had not been done at all. . Whatever happens to him, happens wrong ; either it is not what he wanted, or it is more plague to him than if he had been without it. I verily believe, that if he was allowed all his wishes, he would never wish for any

thing that he really needed, or that he would not soon be glad to get rid of.

We recollect the fear and anxiety of Barclay respecting his friend's conduct when his circumstances should be disclosed to him. Now the event had proved favourable beyond his fondest hopes, yet Keppel was no sooner gone than, instead of rejoicing in such a friend, and being relieved by the prospect which had brightened up before him, he flung himself into a chair, and seemed to feel an accumulation of misery from what had happened.

If he consented to Keppel's doing every thing he desired, his independence was gone. He loved his friend, but independence was to him even as the air he breathed. He believed that he could not live without it, and therefore lamented that what he had most wished had come to pass. His sentiments on this head may by some be thought too nice, but I can never think they were. *Dependence and hanging*

hanging are synonymous terms. Various are the ways of hanging, but I am of opinion that that known by the word *dependence* is the worst of all. If I must be hanged, let me be hanged with as *little torture* as possible.

Hanging is, I know, a ticklish subject. I hope, my friends, I don't offend. "Silence gives consent." We'll go on with the topic in the next chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

The force of example.—Hanging.—Hounslow beath.—Whether death is a punishment that should be adopted.—Justice metamorphosed.—Hanging, when first enacted.—Lawyers praised and condemned.—The employments of men considered.—A lady.—What husbands say of their wives.—Authors' heads like,—read and you'll know.—An amiable picture of matrimony.—How a man should be treated who marries solely for beauty.

THE force of example has always been allowed to be very great, but that it should make a man envious of being hanged seems extraordinary.

One would think it very uncomfortable*
hanging

* Perhaps I am wrong: it may be as comfortable hanging there as any where else, or even as being

hanging on Hounslow heath, and it appears strange that any one should take a delight in it; but Haines had not promoted himself there many weeks before his friend Clarke, by *his own industry* and with *great toil*, procured his elevation to the same rank, of which nothing but the force of example could have made him desirous. Of these two gentlemen we may say with the poet:

“Alike their bent, their fortune, and their fate.”

Or shall we speak of them according to Samuel: “They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided?”

being buried, according to an anecdote of DIOGENES.—“He ordered himself to be thrown any where without burying.” “What,” said his friends, “to the birds and beasts!” “By no means,” cried he, “place my staff near me, that I may drive them away.” “How can you do that,” they replied, “since you will not perceive them?” “How am I concerned then,” added he, “in being torn by those animals, if I feel nothing of it?” Cicero Tusc. Quæst. lib. i. § 43.

But, to be serious on this subject, which is, by the way, by no means a laughable one, I never can believe it to be agreeable to the Almighty that man should take away the life of his fellow-creature. Punishments are designed for the good of the offender, and to recall him to what is right. Death should, therefore, be excluded from them. If we consider a man as having committed so great a crime as to deserve death, that should be the very reason why we should not inflict it, but some more lenient punishment (if there be any more lenient to one who has sinned enormously), which might give him the natural time of his life to repent, and gain, if not of his fellow-creatures, the pardon of his Creator. To kill him instantly because he has done what God has forbidden, and we deem worthy of death, is to kill both body and soul, and send him, with his crime fresh upon his head, hastily and unrepented into the

the

the presence of the last great Judge of all: than which nothing can less become us as men and Christians.

To punish a trifling robbery with death is so cruel, so abominable, that, when it happens, the noble image of Justice *, with her sword unsheathed to defend the innocent, appears to me a hated murderer, brandishing a weapon reeking with the blood of an offending but pardonable victim.

This punishment was in the ninth century first instituted by Edmund I. who was afterwards stabbed by Leolf, whom he had banished. It is not unlikely, that the certainty of being hanged for returning, and being seen in the monarch's presence, occasioned him to murder the king. The enactment, therefore, of this capital punishment was probably the cause of his

* The symbol of justice among the Thebans was a figure, not only blind, as we describe it, but *without hands*. That was more perfect than ours.

losing his life. What does the reader think? He thinks, perhaps, that I had better go on with my history—well, so I will.

In proper time the remains of our hero's father were deposited in the earth. Barclay and Keppel, and honest Gregory also, followed the hearse on this mournful occasion, and with great sincerity of heart did the last honours to the dead.

Keppel had by this period investigated the affairs of the deceased, which, after turning every thing, houses, horses, carriages, &c. into money, he found perfectly sufficient to satisfy all the creditors honourably, leaving a surplus of between four and five hundred pounds. This event gave Barclay the greatest pleasure, as it left no one the power to insult the memory of his father, and as it relieved his mind from the apprehension of dependence.

It was soon agreed upon that he should
take

take chambers near those inhabited by Keppel, and at his leisure determine on what pursuit he should like to follow. Conversing one day on this head, Keppel observed that he would not recommend the law to him.

“ Not,” said he, “ that the stale and idle jests of witless witlings have made me think disrespectfully of its professors, for, on the contrary, I seriously believe there are as many honest subjects in it as in any other profession; and I am confident there are many, many more ingenious, sensible, and learned men. The odium it has incurred is owing to the much greater power of doing harm, which one has who follows the law, and is inclined to evil, than any other person differently situated, whose disposition is equally bad. Such, indeed, are a piteous bane to society. There cannot be a more lamentable sight than to see a disreputable and knavish lawyer thriving and living in
E 5 luxury.

luxury. The poor man's captivity, the widow's anguish, and the orphan's tears, these are the ruins on which he builds his house! You, my friend," continued Keppel, "shall not be a lawyer, because, to be really such, requires a life of unwearied application, which, as the great profits are confined to a few, is not always justly rewarded. No, Barclay, that will not do for you; but I'll tell you what will, for 'tis what you have been used to. I'll take a house, and you shall live with me, and do nothing or any thing you like."

"I thank you for your kindness," replied Barclay, "but, indeed, I can never agree to that. I must do something."

"So, you have the vulgar prejudice," said Keppel, "that a man should have some known employment, and you would, perhaps, deem yourself criminal to live as I propose. To avoid the imputation of being an idler, like hundreds of others,

I made

I made myself a nominal professor of the law. I am, nevertheless, having merely a sinecure place, as void of business as if I had not done so, and yet I feel no qualms of conscience about it. If you will, my good friend, but consider all the employments of men—state how the most active are engaged—and sum up their merits—you will readily make this conclusion: that, take them in general, they are seldom so much, and never so nobly or innocently employed, as the man who passes his time in literary ease, and who is by the world called idle. Trade debases the mind. Its only recommendation is, that it furnishes with means of subsistence, and can therefore only be deserving the attention of those who need their daily bread. Men are always discontented; and one who has spent all his days in literature may, through ignorance, wish, at a late period of existence, that he had followed some business;

but no man who has seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will at any time of life desire to return to it."

"My dear friend," replied Barclay, "I hate business, believe me, as cordially as yourself; *but I must get the money I spend!*"

There is a way of uttering words which, though not very expressive in themselves, never leaves the hearer in the least doubt about the speaker's mind. Barclay had used this mode; and his last syllables were scarcely spoken when Keppel, knitting his brows and looking much displeased, exclaimed, "I hate your pride!" "I am sorry for it," replied Barclay, "for I think it becomes me."

"Well, well," said Keppel, still ruffled, "perhaps you are in the right, but I don't like to have my plans destroyed thus. You know I never wish to do things by halves: you are aware of what I desire to do, and you will not let me do it. 'Tis unkind at least."

Barclay, hoping to appease him, and anxious to evade his offers, said :

“ You do not recollect, Keppel, when you make me the generous proposal of taking a part of your house, that I should soon be turned out of it by a much more worthy occupant,—a wife.”

Now the reader cocks his ears, and says very prettily to me, “ Pray, sir, who is the lady ?” Upon which I answer, with that civility and good breeding which so eminently distinguish me above all other authors,

“ Sir — always happy to enlighten you—the lady is, a young lady ; one, the tip of whose little finger you would give both your ears to kiss.—She lives, sir, at present, in the country, with a clergyman who promised her in marriage to Keppel ; whose guardian he had been until she was one-and-twenty. There, now you’re *illuminated* !”

“ Do you think,” said Keppel, unbending

bending his brows at the word *wife* (N. B. he was not yet married), "do you think that my Penelope would turn *you* out? You have not seen her, and therefore surely imagine my wife is to be as large as my house, that she is to leave no room for you." "'Tis true," replied Barclay, smiling, "that I have not seen her, but though she may not be corporeally as large as the house, yet you know some wives, of much less size, manage to fill a house so cleverly, as to leave no room for any body else. Husbands tell me that there is a kind of ubiquity about them. Go where you will, the first thing you see, is your wife. Let a husband steal either into the nursery, to shew the nursery-maid how to make the pap, or into the kitchen, to take a sop in the pan, and I'll wager my head, that though he took his wife out of town like a cat in a bag, and dropt her ten miles off, he would have scarcely got the cook's leave

to

to proceed, before she would come pounce upon him, like a ravenous hawk on a poor trembling cock sparrow."

In our hero's speech I cannot help remarking the words "*I'll wager my head.*" This phrase, though often used, is of very doubtful import, as it depends upon the value the man who employs it sets upon his head, to determine whether he means to bet little or much. And again, though he may believe that he offers to bet high, his hearers may think that he proposes to bet a mere nothing. I know not what Barclay meant, but let it be remembered, that whenever I employ the phrase, I intend to signify that I would bet an enormous sum, if I had it,—my head being the most valuable thing I have. Indeed, we authors are in that respect like asparagus; there's nothing good about us but our heads. "Ay," said Keppel, "do you talk thus of matrimony?"

"Will

“Will you not believe that I have great reverence for it,” replied Barclay, “when I tell you that I never hear the word but with awe and trembling?” “Leave off bantering,” rejoined Keppel, “and tell me whether you really have the same notion of it as is vulgarly entertained.”

“To be serious then,” said he, “I am quite of an opposite opinion. I am firmly persuaded that there is no better state in the world, if a man does not marry for the sake of the mean advantages to be derived from the dowry his partner brings, but for those, so eminently superior, which are to be found in a congeniality of disposition, and a confidence that knows no reserve. He who links himself to a being he loathes, solely because it has riches, deserves that happiness which money cannot purchase, and to suffer all that misery, he should have known, no gold could prevent. In truth, I can imagine nothing more engaging, nothing more delightful
in

in nature, than a man and a woman, of mild and equal tempers, surrounded by their offspring, occupied in some innocent diversion, after the toils of the day are at an end. It is a heavenly picture, and no one can contemplate it without the most pleasing emotion. I call it heavenly, because I can form no better idea of Heaven, than that of a good father living amidst his children, in peace and concord!" "My friend," said Keppel, "the woman I love will be every thing you describe; but for myself, alas! how far am I from being such a man!"

By this it will be seen, that our hero's speech had in a great measure fixed Keppel in his intention to marry.—And I shall marry, too, one of these days,—but it shall be at Malabar.

Barclay, ascribing his friend's words to his modesty in speaking of himself, went on, and concluded thus:—

"But he who marries a girl for no
other

other reason, than because she has a pretty face *, is such a contemptible fool, that I know not what he deserves.' I would not punish him as if he were a man, but if I could, I would *unmarry* him, put him in leading strings, whip him, and to make up for his loss, and prevent his crying, give him a doll to play with."

* " He that weds for staté or face,
Buys a horse, to lose the race."

C H A P. IX.

What women are indebted to for their modesty.—The surprising effect of accident.—What the author means to do when he has time.—The history about to take a new turn.—Gregory described.—A conversation between the author and the reader.—The former thinks it proper to decamp.

NOTWITHSTANDING Keppel's disposition to take a wife, it was his opinion, and he would constantly assert it, That all women are born whores, and that modest women are bred *. "Modesty," said

* He had probably formed his opinion on this head, from the ancients. SENECA says that a woman,

said he, "or a reserved conduct, is the effect of education; but impudence, that is, indulging in all our passions, is natural, since we should all do so if we were not taught otherwise."

"Some men," continued he, "become famous for certain qualities that are called virtues, by mere chance. A man may happen to keep his word on several occasions, with great strictness, because it suits him, or because he has no reason to break it, and it coming to his ear that he has been noticed in company, in consequence of it, as a man of undoubted veracity, he,

woman, "*impudens animal est, et nisi scientia accedit, cupiditatum incontinens.*

CATO: *Indomitum animal.*

HOMER: *ouc, cunteren allo gunaicos.*

And SHAKESPEARE affirms that a woman is the devil, which may serve for a translation of what precedes.

However, let it be remembered, that these gentlemen were all talking of woman, as she lived in their days. Had they existed in ours, how different would have been their language!

with--

without having thought of it before, resolves to assume the character, and play it through life. Such too is frequently the origin of remarkable courage, nice honour, &c. &c. Accident often (may I say always) determines whether we shall pursue the path of virtue or vice. There is no natural vice or virtue in the creature. If he is virtuous through education, he is so by accident.—This happens to have a vicious education, and he comes to an untimely end; that has a virtuous one, and he dies an honourable death—change the *accident* and you change the man.”

If this severe comment on mankind be true, the education of our children (I mean to get some when I've time) is of the last importance to us, as on that, and therefore on us, depend their future conduct, honour, and prosperity.

Barclay had now lived for some time enjoying his friend's company, in chambers not far distant from those occupied
by

by Keppel. His only care was to resolve on what business or profession he should follow. The more he thought on this subject, the less inclination he found to decide on a thing from which he promised himself no pleasure. However, **ACCIDENT** (that great genius, who so often directs the conduct of mortals, and makes them famous, or defames them without an energy of their own) at last fixed on a pursuit for him, which he reluctantly, but from necessity, adopted. As this circumstance will make a strange confusion in our story, and utterly destroy the simplicity of the narration which has preceded it, I shall beg (*take*) leave to terminate every thing that it seems necessary to say, before we enter upon it.

When Barclay removed from his father's house to chambers, Gregory, 'without being desired, or asking whether he might, attended close at his heels, as a matter of course, and set about doing every thing

thing there was to be done, with his usual diligence.

Our friend Gregory was now between forty and fifty; he was stout and rather short, his height not exceeding five feet. Of his face, I can only say, that, excepting a nose of no common promise, it had nothing to distinguish it from the vulgar herd of faces, innocent of all meaning. To describe him, in a word, he held the same rank among nature's works as hardware among the potters.

Of the honesty of his mind and disposition too much cannot be said. His outside was rough like the shell of the cocoa nut, and like the cocoa, his heart contained abundance of sweet milk—the sweet milk of human kindness.

“ Well but his vices, sir,—his swearing, and his fondness of—what, sir? What was he fond of? For shame, ma'am, don't ask me that.

“ You

“ You promised to tell, sir, and you know, that a woman’s curiosity is——” As restless as St. Vitus’s dance ! therefore to give you ease, I will tell you. Now, O Goddess of Chastity, send, O send thy sylphs to influence my words and guide my pen ! My invocation being at an end, be pleased, madam (for I swear I will not speak out loud), be pleased to lend me your ear—Pooh, that won’t do—Do just move your wig a little on one side—there, that ’ll do. Gregory, madam, was, what I still hope you are not, excessively fond of love ! “ Pshaw, is that all ? And pray, sir, why should not I be fond of love ? ”

Zounds, ma’am, he was as amorous as a goat !—“ Poor fellow, well, I’m sure he’s more to be pitied than blamed.”

Madam, I *honour* your feelings, but I shall not venture to remain in private with you any longer !

C H A P. X.

A publican, the marquis of Granby, a petticoat, and Gregory, all jumbled together in one period.—Gregory falls in love, according to South's sermons.—His success.—How he was found out.—What is sometimes meant by the word SIR.—The kiss of reconciliation.

As any figure with a bald head is, to a publican, the sign of the marquis of Granby, so was any thing in a petticoat an angel in the eyes of Gregory. That being the case, he must undoubtedly have possessed much of the virtue of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, to have lived in this great town so long as he did, without being entirely consumed.

Though fortunate in many respects, he

was not always successful in his amours. Being sent one day by Barclay, with some trifling message, to Keppel's chambers, he found there a pretty little wench who had lately been hired. The moment he beheld her, he fell desperately in love. "In love?" you cry. Yes, in love, if SOUTH's definition of love be just. "It is," says he, "all the powers, vigour, and faculties of the soul, abridged into one inclination. The whole man wrapt up in one desire *." Such was the case with Gregory. SOUTH then adds, "That the soul may sooner leave off to subsist, than to love; and, like a vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace." Gregory could never submit to that; he therefore began to embrace the nymph with true Satyric warmth. Having previously inquired whether her master was at home, and learning that he was not, he shut the door,

* Vol. i. p. 60. Sermons.

and without any further ceremony, like HELLÉ was carried by the Ram, he bore her into the bed-chamber. Here, madam, such a conflict ensued as you can have no idea of.

Alas ! poor Gregory, to attack thee in such a situation ! Madam, she beat him with a brush, until he was obliged to cry for quarters. She then opened the door, and he was glad to sneak away disgraced and discomfited. Such, indeed, is commonly the end of most love affairs !

But to use the words of a noble lord, “ The gallant who goes about to open the trenches in this manner, will generally” (like Gregory) “ be soon obliged to raise the siege*.”

Keppel’s maid having never seen Gregory before, and he thinking it full as well, after what had happened, to retire without

* Lord Mulgrave, on the bill to prevent the intermarriage of the parties concerned. April, 1800.

delivering his message, she could not identify the person who had been there, and, during his absence, committed such an alarming outrage on her virtue. However, as she had fought such a good fight, she was resolved not to lose all the advantage her reputation might derive from it; she therefore described every thing to her master on his return, as minutely as she was able. But she dwelt so much on her own *spotless virtue*, and gave such a confused account of the ravisher, that none but Keppel, who, knowing Gregory's propensity, shrewdly suspected it was him, could have gathered any thing from it.

Telling Barclay the circumstance next day, without intimating his suspicions, our hero exclaimed, before he had half finished, "As I live, 'twas Gregory! the scoundrel!"

"I guessed as much," cried Keppel, "but we may be both wrong—I am to dine with you to-day, let us devise some plan to sound him."

This

This being agreed upon, at dinner, while Gregory was waiting, Barclay said in a careless manner, "Did you go to my friend's with that message yesterday, Gregory?"

"Message?" he replied, in a way as if he had forgotten it.

"Yes," added the other, "the message that I told you to deliver in the course of the evening."

"Ay," cried Gregory, not wishing to tell a lie, and catching at the word *deliver*, "I recollect now—no sir, I did not deliver it."

Keppel seeing they were baffled here, went on thus, addressing himself to Barclay.

"Apropos of yesterday—The strangest thing happened whilst I was out, that you ever heard. A man, I know not who, called at my chambers, and being told that I was not at home, he rushed in, and ravished my maid servant."

Gregory kept rubbing the glasses, as if he meant to rub them to pieces.

“ Bless me,” cried Barclay, with affected surprise, “ pray, what time of the day was it?”

“ Some time in the evening,” replied the other.

“ Well,” said our hero, looking steadfastly at Gregory, whose confusion evidently betrayed his guilt, “ I am glad, *sir*, to understand that you were not there last night.”

When we say *sir*, to a gentleman, we mean to employ an honourable term; but, when we apply it to a servant, as—“ So, *sir*,” or as it is used above, it is merely an abbreviation of *sir-rab*. Gregory felt the full force of the word, and knew his master’s suspicions; but not caring to acknowledge the fact, he bowed respectfully to conceal his blushes, and then turned round as if he had something to do at the side-board.

Keppel

Keppel had made a little embellishment, but finding that of no effect, proceeded to magnify still further.

"Now," said he to Barclay, "I would have forgiven the fellow for any thing that he did with the girl, since his passions might have run away with him, but I can never pardon his descending to steal the silver candlestick."

"If I did, I'll be d—d!" cried Gregory, turning hastily around; "as I hope for mercy, I stole nothing!"

Keppel and Barclay could not refrain from bursting out into a fit of laughter, during which, Gregory, conscious how his indignation at being accused of theft had betrayed him, ran out of the room.

While he was absent, Keppel unfolded the whole event minutely, and on Gregory's return, and promising to go and beg the lady's pardon, he was, with a severe reprimand from Barclay, forgiven.

He never wore livery, and next day,

F 4 dressing

dressing himself in his Sunday's suit, he was, through the intercession of our friends, permitted to give and take the kifs of reconciliation. — After this, he was by the nymph herself invited to drink a dish of excellent fouchong, and from that moment had free ingress and egress at all times. — What could the man wish for more !

C H A P. XI.

*Tradesmen.—The danger of paying debts.—
A proof of friendship.—A barber.—How
Gregory brought tears into the eyes of a
merciless deadle.—Why he turned valet.—
His behaviour when Barclay told him they
must part.*

IN the tradesmen of London there is such a spirit of gambling, that tailors will make you up a dozen suits of clothes, upholsterers furnish your house, butchers send you meat, and coal-merchants coals, with a very remote chance of being paid, rather than lose the opportunity of doing business. Barclay experienced the truth of this assertion; for, having run through the wreck of his father's property, he insensibly incurred debts to the amount of

F 5 several

several hundred pounds. His insensibility, however, did not last long. The dunning of his creditors soon roused him from his trance.

Rabelais tells us a story of one Philipot Placut, who, being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt ; which perhaps causes many, says he, not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident. Such, however, was not the cause of our hero's not discharging his. He would willingly have paid them, but knew not how to raise the means without sacrificing his independence.

I once had a friend who was remarkably fond of spending other people's money, and to this end constantly borrowed of all he knew, except myself. Now weighing this in my mind, I was convinced that it was the greatest mark of friendship he could shew me, and I made this apophthegm in consequence : Be sure that a man values your friendship, if he borrows .

borrow from all his other acquaintances, and not from you. The thing speaks for itself. I certainly wish to see as little as possible of the man who has lent me money, especially if I am unable or unwilling to repay it. Of course it necessarily follows, that I shall carefully avoid putting myself in this predicament with one I esteem and wish to be with continually.

This reflection in some measure operated in preventing Barclay from applying in his emergency to his friend. He, therefore, by gentle words and fair promises, postponed the day of payment.

He now, however, began to think seriously of some employment that might contribute to his subsistence, and gradually extricate him from a difficulty which gave him much uneasiness. Amidst all his crosses, he still often thought of the fair one he had seen when at Oxford; but he never thought of her without a sigh, and

as of one he should see no more. Indeed, granting they should meet again, his misfortunes had left him no hope of being deemed worthy of possessing her.

In a gloomy state of mind he one morning resolved to acquaint Gregory with his situation, and, as an act of justice, to send him in search of a master better able to reward him for his services; or, by discharging him, to give him an opportunity of returning to his former trade, which was, previous to his father's taking him to be his valet, that of a hair-dresser or barber.

The breakfast things being removed, Gregory as usual made his appearance with the necessary articles for shaving: an operation he performed every morning on Barclay's chin. Such, my fair readers, was the fertility of our hero's beard!

"I don't think any man in the kingdom can shave better than you, Gregory," said Barclay, after he had finished.

"Why, sir, for the matter of that,"
replied

replied he, " I believe, without vanity, that I can shave as well as the best of 'em. I never had but one customer who complained of me all the time I was in business, and that was the beadle of the parish I lived in."

" Aye," said Barclay, " and why did he complain?"

" Why, sir," replied Gregory, " I was told that was a terrible hard-hearted fellow, who shewed no mercy to the poor, and was never known to shed a tear in his life. He had a very strong beard, sir. I prepared a razor for him, and, d — n him, I gave him such a shave—— I proved that he could shed tears: he shed a basin full!"

" I dare say," added Barclay, " that he did not complain a second time of your shaving."

" No, sir," said Gregory, " he never came to me again; but he did me a great deal of injury in my trade by defaming me, and I lost several customers owing to
it.

it. However, it was a good cause, and I never fretted about it."

"And pray now," Barclay asked, "how much were you able to get in a week by your business?"

"Oh, pretty decent," he replied, "pretty decent Sixteen shillings a week, without touching a wig: if I had any wig-work I could double it."

"Could you, indeed!" said Barclay, "then how came you to think of leaving such a profitable profession to turn valet?"

"Why, to tell you the truth," he rejoined, "I had dressed and shaved your father for about a year, when I fell sick, and could earn nothing. He sent to know why I did not come as usual, and, learning the cause, generously supported me through a long sickness of seven weeks. I would by little and little have repaid him, and would have still thought myself bound to him for ever, but he refused it. In a few months after his valet
left

left him, and I offered to take his place. Your father, still thinking he was doing me a kindness, accepted my offer. I lost twenty pounds a year by the change, but I lived with one whom I would have served for a third of what he gave me." Here Gregory drew the back of his hand across his eyes to wipe away the tears, warm from his heart, that were gushing from them.

"Gregory," said our hero, "you are an honest fellow, and I will not impose upon you. You are now as able as ever to return to that business you were brought up to. I, for my part, have not the power to give you any thing equal to its profits." "Equal!" exclaimed Gregory, "I will serve *you* for nothing!"

Barclay could scarcely suppress his feelings. "Gregory," he continued, "my good fellow, I have no money left."

"And do I ask you for money?" cried

he. "No: I want no money; I want only to remain your servant."

"In fine," said Barclay, collecting himself, "and in one word, I am plunged deep in debt, and I can keep you no longer."

"Tur—turn—me away!" exclaimed Gregory, throwing the razor and shaving-box on the table; "Oh, my young master, I did not think you could have spoken thus to Gregory! Do you not remember your father's words? If you do not, I do, and ever shall—" Do all that is in your power (for I have none), to reward the faithful Gregory." This was his injunction; and how have you fulfilled it? Forgive my boldness, sir—by doing all that is in your power to break his heart!"

Neither, after this, uttered a word for a considerable time. Barclay was overcome with the affection of Gregory; who first renewed the conversation by saying,
in

in a low and piteous tone, " Pray, sir, don't fend me away."

" Well, well !" cried Barclay, " but leave me now."

Gregory snatched up the shaving-box and razor, wiped down the table, and was out of the room in a trice,

C H A P. XII.

Low spirits.—A letter from the Rev. Mr. Pawlet.—An advertisement.—Barclay's resolution.—The most common marks of genius.—Mrs. Pawlet.—Hebrew.—How to bring up a daughter so as to make her look upon you with contempt.—A marriage.—The parson.—He is described by St. Paul.—Lord Clarendon's observation on clergymen.—Transformations.—A living encyclopædia.—Mrs. Pawlet's servants sham well, when they're ill.—Conubial comfort.—Why Mr. Pawlet is worse off than David.

AFTER passing the morning in a very disagreeable and disheartening train of reflection, our hero went to dine with Kappel at his chambers. His thoughtfulness and

and depression were so apparent, that his friend could not but observe them.

“What ails you, Barclay?” said he, after the cloth had been taken away, “you have scarcely eaten any thing, and are so uncommonly dull, that I am at a loss to guess what is the matter with you.” Barclay made no reply.

“You know, my friend,” continued Keppel, “that my purse is at your service, and I shall be very angry with you, if you permit yourself to suffer a moment’s pain through any false delicacy on that head.”

“Oh no, no!” cried Barclay, affecting a smile, “nothing of the kind, I assure you.”

“Then,” said he, seriously, “what is it that has changed your manner so extraordinarily? Come, I must and will know.”

“Why,” replied our hero, evasively, “all my thoughts have been occupied in devising some plan for my future conduct ;

duct; and being unable to hit upon any thing, it has made me low-spirited."

"Pooh!" said Keppel, "is that all? Come, fill your glass, and leave that to my management. I'll get something that will suit you, before long, depend upon it. But talking of offices; I received a letter this morning, that will make you laugh, and it is on that very account I introduce it. It is from the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, the gentleman with whom the young lady resides who is pledged to me. After giving me a variety of little commissions to execute for him, and saying that my Penelope, and all our friends at ——— are well, he encloses me the following advertisement, "which," says he, "notwithstanding all I could advance to dissuade her from it, my wife insists on being sent to you, that you may get it inserted in several of the papers. Now what do you imagine a man's wife can advertise for?" "Faith, I know not," replied Barclay, "perhaps
for

for a lost lap-dog, or a lady's maid, or something of that insignificant nature."

"Very well!" said Keppel, "now, listen."

WANTED—A man, if young, steady and diligent; if old, not vicious nor obstinate, who understands Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, Latin, and many of the modern languages. His business will be to transcribe the texts and commentary of a Polyglott bible, now preparing for the press. As the person qualified for this office will, it is supposed, be a gentleman as well as a scholar, he will be allowed to live with the family, and his persevering industry will be rewarded by a liberal annual stipend.

Apply———

"Pshaw!" cried Barclay, when he had finished, "you're joking with me."

"Upon my honour I am not," replied Keppel. "But I dare say you would have thought so still more, if you had seen

seen the original advertisement; for my friend writes me in the postscript, "That finding his wife determined to put in an advertisement, all he could do, was to prevail on her to let him alter the one she had written, which, "he affirms," would have filled up three columns of a newspaper; and the best solver of enigmas in the whole kingdom would never have known what she meant, or what she wanted."

"I'll go!" cried Barclay.

"Go!" said Keppel, "where?"

"I'll go!" he repeated, in a firmer tone, "you need not put in the advertisement, for I'll go."

"What go and pass your life in copying an old woman's commentary on the bible? Pooh, you're mad?"

"Then I should think," said he, "that I am the more fit to enter her service. My friend, I will positively go. At Oxford I studied Hebrew sufficiently to be
able

able to transcribe any thing she may have to do, and I am resolved to be her amanuensis. Leave town I must, for now, to be open with you, I owe a little cash to several tradesmen, which I shall, by this labour, soon be able to pay. I can but try it, you know. Will you recommend me?"

Keppel reflected for a few moments, and then burst out, "Ecod, you shall go; and you shall be received there as well as myself. I am shortly going a circuit in which there are to be some curious trials, at which I wish to be present. I intended to have taken you, but the case is now altered. You shall go to ———, and I will join you there in about two months, by which time you will be able to form an opinion of your situation." "The sooner I go the better," cried Barclay, as if quite pleased with the thought; but his haste was perhaps more to be ascribed to the recollection of his *attentive* creditors.

tors. "To-morrow—next day—and then, you know, as I shall be in the same house with your intended spouse, I can, as the poet says, "*interpret between your love and you.*" Recommend me well, Keppel; say that I am a wonder of genius and learning; and add, that, like all true geniuses, I am very diffident, and make little or no display of my talents or acquisitions. I shall be able to support that character admirably." "So, so," said Keppel, "I see you have recovered your spirits. Well, I'll do every thing for you that's necessary. I'll recommend you so that all your little faults shall be overlooked, and your actual ignorance of some things be taken for modesty or eccentricity, while your indolence and imprudence shall be set down as undoubted marks of genius."

"I have those marks strong upon me," cried Barclay, smiling.

"They are the marks," said Keppel, "that lead many, I believe, to imagine
they

they are men of genius. I know several too in the world that pass for such who have no other index, symptom, sign, or token of genius, but indolence or imprudence."

Having settled the preliminary business so far, Barclay expressed a wish to be let more into the character and history of the lady he was so shortly to be engaged with. In this his friend readily acquiesced, to the following effect.

"To describe Mrs. Pawlet to you," said he, "minutely, which might not be unentertaining, would take me weeks, months, nay a year, and I should then do it very imperfectly. I shall therefore merely confine myself to the remarkable parts of her life and character, leaving you at your leisure to discover the rest.

Mrs. Pawlet was the daughter of a dean, who, despising the common style of educating women, had brought her up with all the austerity of school discipline, in-

structed her in the dead languages, particularly in Hebrew ; and, in a word, reared her as if he intended she should vie with the fathers, put all the scholiasts on ancient authors, both sacred and profane, to the blush, and snatch the bays from the male and place it on the female brow. She had studied, with little inclination and great coercion, for a long time, but not without success. The end, however, of this mode of education was, that she became insufferably affected and dogmatical ; held every one she knew, relations or friends, but especially her father, whom she soon found to be a weak, superficial man, in sovereign contempt, and consequently rendered her whole family truly miserable. The dean's mind was entirely bent on getting her off by marriage, when the father of Mr. Pawlet (who is now dead), going to pay him a visit, could not help, as a matter of course, saying many handsome things on the learning of his

his

his daughter. The dean, being on the watch, caught at the opportunity, and said—

“Yes, sir, she is, I think, such a woman as we have rarely seen. No one, however great, would be disgraced by an alliance with her; but do you know, my old friend,” continued he, artfully, “that I have taken a great liking to your son, who is at present curate of my living in ——, which is worth between five and six hundred pounds a year. He is a very honest, good kind of a young man, and if you like to strike the bargain, he shall no longer be my curate, but my son-in-law, and the rector of that parish. My daughter’s fortune beside, is 8000*l.*; but that I shall expect to have settled upon her.”

Old Pawlet was dumb with amazement at an offer so beneficial to his son, and so little expected. At length he replied,

That he felt the honour in the nearest

G 2 manner,

manner, and that nothing could make him so perfectly happy as what he proposed.

“ Nor me !” said the dean, and he spoke sincerely. “ Away, then, to your son, and let them be one flesh as soon as you please.”

One flesh indeed it was, for the lady was all skin and bone, tall, with a pale, thin, haggard face, and little grey eyes, which were so advantageously placed in her head as to command both the left and the right at the same moment. The strangeness of her dress added to the grotesqueness of her figure.

No two people could be more opposite in their nature than the dean's daughter and young Pawlet, who was about thirty, the same age as herself. He was about the middle size, and rather inclined to be lusty ; of a cheerful, ruddy countenance, in which you might plainly read the characters of benevolence and kindness. I
speak

speak of him as I am told he was then,
 as I know he is now.—A more tender-
 hearted creature never existed. Nothing
 can ruffle him but injustice, oppression,
 or want of charity. Without professing
 to be a philosopher, he is so much so as
 to think nothing in this world worth quar-
 relling about. He is, in short, what St.
 Paul beautifully describes charity itself to
 be : He “ suffers long, and is kind ; en-
 vies not ; boasts not of *himself* ; is not
 puffed up ; does not behave unseemly ;
 seeks not his own ; is not easily provoked ;
 thinks no evil ; rejoices not in iniquity,
 but rejoices in the truth ; bears all things,
 believes all things hopes all things, en-
 dures all things.”

Such was, and such is now at fifty, the
 man the dean chose for his daughter's
 husband. Lord Clarendon observes*, that
 “ clergymen understand the least and take
 the worst measure of human affairs of all

* In his Life.

mankind that can read and write;" and my friend was a great instance of the veracity of this observation. Old Pawlet no sooner opened the affair, and stated how happy it would make him, than his son, without considering a thousand other things that should be considered on these occasions, instantly agreed to it.

The period was not long before the indissoluble knot was tied, and Cupid tucked such a *pair* in bed that night as he had scarcely ever seen, although his mother * is of old notorious for bringing opposites together. Ovid has no metamorphose so strange, sudden, and absurd, as Mrs. Pawlet made in the parsonage-house. My worthy friend, with a meekness of temper far surpassing that of Socrates, bore it all without repining, and even assisted at making alterations, and agreed to the adoption of many plans,

* " With sportive cruelty she binds,

" *Unequal forms, unequal minds.*"

HOR. Carm. lib. 1. od. 33.

which

which he could not but disapprove. So that there was no murmuring and no complaint: he was happy and contented. He submitted, and still submits, to his wife in every thing but one—in acts of benevolence and charity he is insuperably obstinate, and will suffer no controul.

The mildness of his manners produced some effect upon her, and he in his turn performed a metamorphose, making her a little more tolerable and reasonable than she was. There is yet, however, full enough of the old woman in her character. To tell all her whims and vagaries would be an endless task; however I shall notice a few.

Having gone the whole round of sciences in a very cursory way, she talks of all, and exceedingly loves to be called a **LIVING ENCYCLOPÆDIA**. She is always reading or writing, let her be wherever she will. Takes snuff immoderately. Talks with precision. Never suffers any

one to pronounce or use a word improperly. Always explains the figures she uses, and reasons logically, that is, tediously and foolishly. Has dipped in Euclid. Is full of solids, angles, parallelograms, logarithms, &c. The same of geography. Never hears of a place but she tells you on which side of the equator it is, north or south, and in what latitude and longitude. In like manner of astronomy. Then there being no apothecary in the village, she has studied the whole *materia medica* for the benefit of the family. Can read a physician's prescription as well as an apothecary. She physics all the servants to such a degree, on the slightest indisposition, that, when they are really ill, they sham well for fear of being dosed.

She has her own library, which is crowded with books of all descriptions, but principally in the dead languages. She prides herself on the correctness of a barometer
 she

she hangs out of the window, which, by the bye, is none of the best. However, if it indicates that the weather is fair, she will contend it is so, although it should rain in torrents. Often too, when people are sick, she will give them a thousand reasons why they should not be sick, and make a man's head ache ten times more than it did, in proving to him that there is no cause for its aching.

They sleep together; and I verily believe that, unless it is when they do sleep together, that is, at the same time, Mr. Pawlet gets but a small share of it. In the middle of the room, much against his inclination, she suspends a large, glaring lamp, which burns throughout the night. By the side of the bed are placed a table, pens, ink, and paper, and constantly in the dead of night, if a thought strikes her, she rises to put it down. And frequently she wakes the parson from his peaceful slumbers, to ask him his opinion about passages he

knows as little of as the man in the moon. So here I finish my description, for I am tired of talking. Now, what say you to your mistress?

Except an occasional smile or ejaculation, Barclay had gazed in silent astonishment at his friend all the while he was speaking. He now exclaimed, "Poor Pawlet! by heavens my heart bleeds for the man! Why his father did not use him so well as NATHAN did DAVID. NATHAN offered DAVID the choice of war, pestilence, or famine; but, curse me, if this woman is not worse than all three put together."

"Ay!" said Keppel, laughing, "I knew you would be glad to get off, after I had told you a little more about her."

"Off," cried our hero, "not I, by Jove! I'll have a grapple with her, though she were twenty Encyclopædias."

Here ended their conversation on this subject, and I am heartily glad of it.

C H A P. XIII.

The difference between a married man at home and abroad — Gregory alarmed. — A singular expression in Homer. — Letters of recommendation. — Love — A certain and cheap cure for it. — The Leucadian leap more expensive.

WERE we to judge of men's dispositions by their conduct to those they love, we should constantly err in our conclusions. And such will be the case with the reader, if he should form his opinion of Keppel from his treatment of Barclay. Doing so, he could not but imagine him the very soul of beneficence, kindness, and good nature. To his friend, it is true, he was so, but to men in general (so far as not to insult) he was almost entirely the reverse.

So it is ; men are not to be judged hastily of, nor are we to suppose that we know a man's behaviour in all situations, from seeing him in one. I have seen a married man with a pretty girl in a corner, oh, so loving ! Well, perhaps you'll think he's so with all women ? Go home with him, sir, and see him with his wife.

The necessity for Barclay's speedily vacating London being urgent, the time was soon fixed upon for his departure. Packing up, and other needful preparations, presently gave Gregory the alarm. Ever since his master had talked of parting with him, he had been full of hopes and fears ; the latter were now increased,—he dreaded something, but he knew not what ; and his great respect for his master would not permit him to make any impertinent inquiries. Barclay was well aware of the state of his mind, and would willingly have done any thing to have prevented the affliction he was sure he would suffer, when
informed

informed that they must separate. However, it was not to be avoided, and Barclay, fearing to trust himself alone on this occasion, resolved to call in the assistance of Keppel, by whose aid he hoped to effect his purpose with less difficulty.

The day previous to our hero's leaving town, Keppel came to his chambers prepared to combat the scruples of Gregory, and to shew him the propriety of submitting to a separation. Gregory was called in, and the matter broken to him as gently as possible, by Keppel. Barclay remained silent. When his friend had ended a plain statement of the fact, Gregory began to give his reasons why they need not part, addressed himself to Barclay, talked of his affection for his father, and his love for him. His language was rough, but every word came from his heart. Barclay could not endure it: he rose, and withdrew.

After a moment's pause, Keppel renewed

newed the subject; and with much argument, to prove the necessity of parting, but more from the detriment he told him he would be to his master by going with him, he at length, like the white-armed goddess from the cloud compelling Jove, obtained from him a kind of *willing unwilling* consent * to stay behind. Kép-pel then proceeded to tell him, as if secretly, that he did not think his master would continue there long, which seemed to give him some relief. “In the mean time,” added he, “you shall either return to your business, or remain with me. I will take care of you.”

“I am ashamed of being so bold,” cried

* The passage in HOMER is remarkable :

—— δῶκα ΕΚΩΝ ΑΕΚΟΝΤΙ γε θυμῷ.

I gave it you WILLINGLY WITH AN UNWILLING mind.

POPE takes no notice of this in *his Iliad*.

See the Scholia on v. 43. il. 4. Ed. Barn.

Gregory,

Gregory, "but I think you had much better take care of my master instead of me,—do, sir ; now pray think of it !" "I have offered it a hundred times," said Koppel, "but for what reason I know not, unless it be pride, he has constantly refused me. But you will not, Gregory ?"

Gregory bowed, wiped his eyes, and saying, in a tone scarcely audible, "I shall do my best to please you," left the room.

Barclay spent the remainder of the day with his friend, who gave him all the information respecting the good people he was about to live with that he thought necessary, and, above all things, entreated him not to neglect to write often, to tell Penelope of his unalterable love, and to assure him, from time to time, of the continuance of hers. He then told him that he had already written to Mrs. Pawlet concerning her amanuensis, and paved the way for as good a reception as a woman

man

man of her character could be expected to give. "Further," said he, "here are four letters of recommendation for you to my friends. The first is to Mrs. Pawlet, setting you forth in the light in which it will please her most to view you; the second is to the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, her husband, who would, without it, have treated you with the greatest humanity, but who will, in consequence of it, use you as my friend; the third is to Mr. George Pawlet, the clergyman's elder brother, who lives with his family (such a family! but I leave you to find out their virtues) not far distant from the parsonage! the fourth is to the Honourable Mr. Buckle, styled honourable because he is the son of a lord; how much so otherwise, you will be better able to tell me hereafter. The first two letters you will deliver of course; the latter you will, or will not, as it may please you best."

Barclay took the letters, but made no answer.

answer. He had been melancholy the whole day, and as the last hour drew nearer and nearer, he became still more so. To leave those he loved, or had lived with all his days, and to become the servant of any one, however flattering an appearance the servitude might assume, were galling and afflicting to his free and affectionate heart ;—a heart, too, yet suffering from the wounds inflicted by one, the possession of whom every thing seemed to conspire to make him despair of obtaining: Wounds, therefore, that promised to last for ever ; since, like those received from the Pelean spear, they could alone be healed by that which had been the cause of them. If this be really the case, how much is a poor man to be pitied, who falls in love, as he clearly cannot get rid of one evil without incurring another. “I know,” said the God of Physic to DAPHNE, “I know the virtues of all plants. Alas, that none of them can
cure

cure love!" Then, " Throw physic—" No, hold,—there is one plant mentioned by PLINY * that doubtless escaped the notice of APOLLO, which, though the naturalist does not say that it may be used in these cases, I will take upon myself to recommend, as a very efficacious and speedy remedy, if *prepared according to art, and properly applied*. He calls it CANNABIS, but it is, amongst us moderns, better known by the vulgar term *hemp*. It is, at all events, as *safe* a remedy for love, as the LEUCADIAN leap †. My

* Lib. xix. c. 9.

† LEUCADIA was an island in the Ionian sea, remarkable for a tremendous promontory, from which lovers precipitated themselves, as a cure for love. They were cajoled into this belief by priests, who became possessed of the property of all such as were destroyed in the attempt. My prescription is certainly as good, and I give it gratis.—Try it as often as you please, and let what will happen, I ask no fee, or reward.

It just occurs to me, that I have hinted at this once before.—No matter; it cannot be too often recommended.

readers

readers (all novel readers are in love!) will do well to try this valuable recipe at their leisure.

Keppel observed, and readily guessed at the cause of his friend's gloom. He consequently employed his best endeavours to dissipate it, and, with the help of Bacchus, who may be justly described as having *the lips of persuasion*, he succeeded in keeping him in tolerable spirits until they parted.

C H A P. XIV.

Parting.—A stage coach.—The passengers.—Bob and the Quaker.—What month in the year is like a pretty woman.—The Retort.—Revenge.—Why you may do any thing with your own father.—Dinner.—A humorous scene between Bob and the Quaker.

“COME along, sir! come along!” cried the coachman, seeing Barclay turning into the coach-yard, accompanied by Keppel, “come, which of you is it? jump in, jump in; I am full a quarter of an hour behind my time.”

If Barclay had kept the stage-coach waiting, it was not on account of his having overslept himself, for he had risen at five, and it was now a quarter past six. This interval had been passed in bidding
farewell

farewell to his friend and Gregory; the latter of whom had taken on so extraordinarily, that it was deemed proper to insist on his not going to the coach with his master, lest his conduct should make them all ridiculous.

Barclay had sent his trunks the preceding night, and time pressing, he shook his friend affectionately by the hand, and not without a tear on either side they parted. Taking his seat, the coach instantly drove off.

One would think a man, in the predicament of our hero, driving away from bailiffs, would feel himself in excellent spirits. Such, however, was far from being his case. Seating himself without apologizing for the delay he had occasioned, or noticing his companions, or the murmurs that arose on his entrance, he fell into a reverie, from which he was roused by the coachman, who, having driven them about twenty miles, had stopt to give them an opportunity to breakfast.

The

The passengers, breaking their fast in various ways, did not meet at a regular meal, and the time allowed being soon elapsed, they again took their places in the coach. Barclay now began to peruse a little book he had brought on purpose to amuse him on the road. He had not read long, however, when he was interrupted by—"Read in company!—d — d unpolite!"

This exclamation, uttered in an under tone, was evidently aimed at him; but he thought it prudent to take no notice of it. However, he now for the first time surveyed his companions. He was sitting forward, and by his side sat a quaker, an elderly man, apparently possessing a very liberal proportion of the stiffness and formality of his sect. On the opposite seat was a lusty man, of a rubicund countenance, who, as it afterwards appeared, was an opulent farmer; he had made his ample breakfast on rum and milk, which
had

had stilled his spirits into soft repose. On his left, facing the quaker, was his son, the person who had made the above exclamation. The youth had been apprenticed to a linen-draper, and, when out of his time, had set up for himself; but neglecting his business, and affecting the man of fashion, he had broke three times in the course of two years. His father had now been to town to settle his affairs, and, not liking to advance any more money to such an unfortunate trader, he had prevailed upon him to return to the country. His dress was in the extreme of the ton, which only served more effectually to betray his vulgarity and ignorance.

Such were our hero's companions, and, having slightly glanced his eye over them, he returned to his former occupation. The young spark finding his hints of no avail, and being of a restless disposition, he resolved no longer to continue sitting there

there "like *mum-chance*," (as he called it) silent and inactive.

"Damme," cried he, "but you're a set of dull 'uns!" Then flapping his father on the thigh, "Dad," said he, "shall I go and fan 'em along?"

"Eh!" gaped the old man, "what!"

"What?" exclaimed the other, "why shall I go and *hish, hish, yay, yay*?" Here he made signs of driving.

The quaker, though he was a silent man, did not want comprehension. He perceived what was going forward, and bridled himself up with uncommon stiffness.

"Ay, ay!" replied the father, "go along, Bob—go along."

"Well, then," said he, "*tip* us half-a-crown for *farvy*."

The old one had relapsed into his nap before this last speech. Seeing that, his son put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and helped himself, saying,

"Wouldn't

“ Wouldn’t disturb you for the world.”

He now proceeded to call to the coachman, holding up the half-crown to him, and telling him he wished to take the whip.

The quaker could contain himself no longer. “ Friend,” said he, “ I think thou hadst better not.”

By this time the door was opened, and our young gentleman, without taking any further notice of the quaker’s remonstrance than by finging, “ Go to the devil and shake yourself,” jumped out, and was presently on the box.

The quaker’s spirit was moved by the profaneness of the youth, and he groaned inwardly.

It was that month of the year which is so much like a pretty woman, being full of sweets, and having both tears and smiles at command—April. The morning was exceedingly fine; but the new driver had not been long in his place be-

fore a smart shower coming on, he relinquished the reins, and hastily dismounted, intending to resume his seat; but, when he came to the door, the quaker held it fast, and, while the rain still poured, thus coolly addressed him out of the window: "Friend, thou didst say that thou wouldst drive: I did say thou hadst better not; but thou didst not heed my words, and now thou shalt drive."

"Come, come, nonsense!" cried the other, jumping about in the shower, "open the door, do."

The quaker, yet holding it tight, said, deliberately,

"I might now, friend, reply to thee in thine own profane language, and say, 'Go to the devil and shake thyself,' but I——."

Our hero here pulled the quaker by the sleeve, and whispered to him, that he had better let him in, as otherwise he might, through rage, overturn them.

"Friend,

“ Friend, thou art in the right,” he replied. “ There,” continued he, opening the door, “ I will reply to thee in no such way—thou mayest, if it pleaseth thee, come in and shake thyself here.”

The young gentleman came in grumbling, and not by any means satisfied with the quaker’s conduct. His clothes were considerably damaged, and that he could never pardon : he resolved on revenge.

The man who can be angry at his clothes being a little spoilt, and think of revenge on that account, cannot be expected to have a mind capable of conceiving any mode of revenge so astonishing as to reach the ears of posterity. It would, indeed, have stood no such chance, unless I insured its immortality by recording it.

Long did he ponder on the subject of revenge, but could find no means to compass it, until, casting his eyes downwards, he perceived that the quaker had on a

pair of milk-white stockings. His great revenge was now, he thought, within his grasp ! His shoes, by standing in the road, were covered with mud, and he quickly began to perpetrate the deed. At every jolt of the carriage he pretended to be thrown backward, and, kicking up his legs, with his heels embraced the quaker's stockings. The quaker bore it patiently for some time, but it was repeated so often, that at last he reached across, and, waking the father, he said to him :

“ Friend, I would thank thee to speak to thy son, who soileth my stockings ; for, though he seemeth to do it by accident, I verily believe he doeth it on purpose.”

“ Shame, Bob ! shame !” cried the old man, “ I hope not.”

“ Friend,” added the quaker, “ turning to Barclay, “ wilt thou speak ? What dost thou think ?”

Bob winked at Barclay, who, wishing
to

to encourage him that he might at last get chastised, replied, " Indeed, sir, I have not narrowly observed what has passed, but I must incline to believe it an accident."

The quaker said no more. The old man now expressed his surprise at seeing his son in the coach, as he thought he was driving. The reason being given, and the weather having recovered its serenity, Bob declared he would mount the box again, and stop the coach accordingly. The quaker was too well pleased with his absence to attempt to prevent it; and Barclay, feeling disposed to enjoy a little fresh air, agreed to go with him.

Our hero seated himself on the roof of the coach, close to the box on which Bob was perched, marshalling his elbows, and driving according to his opinion in very great style. The quaker presently became the subject of conversation. Barclay, who was fond of a joke, seconded him

in all his abuse of the quaker, and especially dwelt on his keeping him in the rain, until he wrought him to such a state of anger, that he leant back and said softly to Barclay, "If you'll get off, and pretend to walk on, I'll over turn him, neck or nothing, into the next ditch."

This Barclay very much objected to, and, to avoid it, he replied, "I should like it vastly, but you forget your father's in the coach."

"Ay, true enough, so I did," he rejoined; "but *he's mine*, you know, and if you like I'll run the risk!"

"No! oh no!" said our hero, shocked at his want of feeling. "No, that must not be; let us devise some other scheme."

This had been all spoken in a whisper, unheard, as it may easily be imagined, by the coachman. They now spoke out, and many things were proposed, without fixing on any, till Barclay happening to say, that if you struck a quaker on one side of his

his face, he would, according to his religion, turn the other—he exclaimed, after a few moments silence :

“ I think, sir, I’d better fight him ; d——n him, I’ll lick him.”

“ Right,” replied Barclay, “ that’s a good thought.”

They had scarcely settled this plan of operation, when the coach, it being three o’clock, drew up to the inn, at which they were allowed an hour to dine. On these occasions no time is to be lost. The dinner, prepared, was put on the table immediately, and they were all soon seated to partake of it. Bob, however, was too full of his purpose to think of eating : how to find cause for fighting the quaker wholly occupied his mind. He offered him fifty indignities, which the other took without muttering. At length, being civilly asked for a little butter, he poured the contents of the whole boat into the quaker’s plate, and, pretending to be very

sorry for what he had done, he attempted to assist in taking it away ; doing which he overturned it all into his lap. This was too much. The quaker looked angrily: the other protested it was unintentional.

“ Friend ! friend ! ” said he, seriously, “ thou dost not speak the words of truth.”

“ ‘Sblood ! ” exclaimed Bob, “ what do you give me the lie ? Strip, strip. I’ll teach you to give a gentleman the lie.” Saying this, he stripped himself to the shirt in a moment. The quaker, a stout man, merely stood up without making any signs of hostility. The other asked him whether he meant to strip, and being answered simply, “ nay,” he drew near him, squaring, and putting himself into a variety of fighting attitudes ; but, offering to strike, the quaker said, “ Friend, I never fight.” At the same time he put forth his arm, in a straight line, which, coming in contact with the other’s face, made his nose bleed copiously, and almost stunned him.

Recovering

Recovering a little, Bob looked at our hero, and shook his head, as much as to say, "This is not the quaker you talked of." But, not choosing to quit the field thus, he attacked his foe twice more, who met him each time in the same way, with "Friend, I tell thee I never fight!" when the coachman came in to say the stage was ready. The quaker now wished to know whether he might be permitted to finish his dinner unmolested. This permission his opponent readily granted. The coachman was prevailed on to wait ten minutes longer; and the quaker, sitting down, satisfied his appetite with as much composure as if nothing had happened. Bob, during this period, sat sulking in the corner, bemoaning his damaged physiognomy; stopping with one hand the rosy stream that issued from his nostrils, and with the other bathing his two black eyes with vinegar and water.

The father being a peaceable man, and

not at all comprehending the cause of the disturbance, rather leant on the quaker's side, and reprehended his son for his rude and unwarrantable conduct.

Our hero, who was quite contented with the success of his stratagem, proposed that the combatants should drink a glass of wine together, and make it up, which was seconded by the old man. The quaker seemed willing to agree to it, and, when they brought Bob up to shake hands with him, he said, "Friend, I forgive thee."

"Forgive me!" cried the other—"what do you mean by 'forgive me?'" It is I that am to forgive you, for giving me these black eyes and this bloody nose." "Friend, thou art mistaken," replied the quaker. "Verily I did not give thee them, for thou didst give them to thyself. I did only hold up my arm, as every man hath a right to do, and thou didst run thy face against my fist. Moreover, thou.

thou hast in truth hurt my knuckles a little with thy teeth ; but again, I say, I do forgive thee."

The quaker's solemnity produced a smile even upon the disfigured countenance of his antagonist, who, not knowing what to reply, offered him his hand in fullen silence, which the quaker took, saying,

" I take this, friend, as a pledge that thou never more dost intend, wantonly, to fuly my stockings, to butter my breeches, or to bruise my fist."

They were at this instant again summoned to proceed on their journey, and, having been so much disturbed as not to be able to drink more than one bottle of wine, it was resolved that they should take two flasks into the carriage, and, over them, finally terminate their differences.

C H A P. XV.

What will restore friendship.—How to seem wise.—Why coxcombs will perpetually exist.—ROMAINE.—Extemporaneous sermons accounted for.—The delicacy of a court preacher.—Friends often do more harm than foes.—A digression proved to be no digression.—Supper.—Barclay's reflections on his situation.

THE wine taken by our travellers into the carriage soon proved itself to have all the vaunted influence and magic charm of the herb ANACAMPSEROS, which is said, by Pliny *, to have the power of restoring friendship. A few bumpers (but what will they not do ?) quickly reconciled the contending parties, and re-

* Lib. xxiv. cap. 17.

newed their former harmony. The quaker, however, was still very sparing of his words. Bob, on the other hand, became remarkably talkative. Not having eaten much dinner, the wine took speedy effect of him, and he dealt out, what he called his *jeux d'esprit* and *bon mots* (all strongly favouring of the linen-draper) with exceeding profusion. In the excess of his spirits, he made another attack on the quaker, but alas ! poor Bob was, in all his attacks, ever unfortunately doomed to be defeated, and put to the rout, with shame and disgrace. The old man chuckling, and laughing, at one of his son's jokes, he turned round to him and said :

“ Now, dad, though I am such a pleasant fellow, yet I claim no merit for my wit and humour. Nature has put a spice of them in me, and I can no more help being agreeable, than friend Buckram, there, can being dull, and never saying a syllable.”

After

After he had finished a laugh, which followed this, the quaker addressed the company thus : “ I do grieve, truly, that this young man should ascribe dullness to my silence, as I did mean it to make a very different impression. By silence many have passed for men of sense, who would never have been so esteemed by talking. And, verily, am I afraid of being loquacious, lest I should thereby, like unto my neighbour, give indisputable proof of my dullness and folly.”

Bob, finding that the quaker had the better of him at all weapons, declined entering the lists with him any more, and, feeling the strength of the grape operate on his faculties, he sunk, gradually, into the arms of sleep. It was now late in the evening, and his companions, fatigued with travelling, thought it not unwise to follow his example.

What a good tempered soul I am !
Here have I, for thirty or forty pages,
been telling my story, circumstance after
circum-

circumstance, without omitting a tittle, or making a single digression. But we will have a digression now, and, after the digression, we will have a further digression, to prove, that a digression is no digression, and then we'll go on with our story.

I have said, that three of our travellers went to sleep, following the example of their companion; and perhaps the reader has done the same. I would that nothing worse arose from *following example*. There is prevalent, in the minds of the young men of this age, something which induces them to a conduct and sentiment in company, totally foreign to those entertained, and approved of, when alone; and they constantly quit their companions, with contempt and disapprobation of those very principles, and ways of life, to which they themselves, however contrary to the impulse of their reason, have been accessory, and, by imitation, promoted. Friendship is ingenuous and

candid; none then can exist, in breasts leagued, as it were, by a strange fatality, to mutual deception. While men, in spite of their genuine feelings, will, like the cameleon, indiscriminately take the colour of their associates, we must despair of seeing an end to the wide-extended line of coxcombs and fools.

“ Assume a virtue, if you have it not ; ”

but do not put on the features of vice, or folly, so repugnant to your real self, so baleful in example to mankind. Vice is only sufferable, through custom, which habituates us to see it without dismay, and practise it without shame. Custom is, indeed, according to PINDAR, the lord of all things; and when vice itself once becomes customary, or common, it is no longer a shame to be vicious; for, it is well observed by Mademoiselle Le Fevre, that “ La honte ne consiste proprement que par la raison des contraires;

et

et c'est dequoy on n'est aujourd'huy que trop persuadé."

It is our imitation, or tacit approbation of the vices of those we associate with, which perpetuates their reign, and extends their dominion. Flattering, as we continually do, the follies of others, is watering that root to which we should apply the axe of reprobation.

I could give some good advice on this subject, but I will not employ my time in such a fruitless manner. I never take any myself, and why should I expect it from other people? However, it must be confessed, that much evil arises from the world's too great leniency to what it is pleased to term, petty sins, or fashionable frailties. ROMAINÉ, one day, preaching extemporaneously * on this head,

* I do not think it to be the case with ROMAINÉ, who was a man of considerable learning, and unaffected piety: but I believe there can be no better reason given for many of this sect's preaching

head, observed, " That men, now-a-day, have an excuse for every thing. Nothing is so bad, but they palliate it. Why," said he, " they don't so much as call the devil by his right name, but stroke him down the back, and call him, *poor, mistaken angel!*" Thus they don't even give the devil his due *.

We have, indeed, great want of a few Catos, a few Censors, to check the lamentably mischievous course of vicious frivolity, and fashionable infamy. We need some one not to wink at our faults, but to reprimand us for them. It is truly an erroneous notion of friendship, that leads a man to do the former, for he would, in my opinion, give much stron-

preaching extemporaneously, than that they are unable to read.

* An English clergyman, says a French writer, preaching before the court, said, at the end of his sermon, that those who did not profit by what he had advanced, would go, and for ever and ever inhabit a place which politeness would not suffer him to name before such a respectable congregation.

ger evidence of his esteem by doing the latter with gentleness and urbanity. His greatest foe could not do a man more injury, than he would sustain from the misguided friend, who should seem to approve his errors, by imitating them: which imitation of our companions confirms more men in their bad practices than any one other thing. It would, in truth, be a deadly stab to vice and folly, were we merely not to smile at them.

So far my digression, and now to answer my reader's objection to digressions, I shall take the argument, and some of the words, of a speech in FIELDING'S *Pasquin*.

"I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell," (that's you, you know!) "that you are one of those who would have nothing introduced but what is necessary to the business of the story;—nor I neither. But the business of the story, as I take it, is to divert, and instruct; therefore every thing
that

that diverts or instructs, is necessary to the business of the story." Thus is this digression (by which word you mean something strange to the work) syllogistically proved to be no digression; being a thing consistent, necessary, and of a piece with the work itself. You have, perhaps, still some doubt; but if so, I will bring a hundred more reasons to prove that——."

READER. "Not for the world. It shall be a digression, or not a digression, just as you please; but, for Heaven's sake, go on, and say no more about it!"

About ten o'clock at night, Barclay was waked, and informed by the coachman that his vehicle went no farther with him. He consequently alighted, to wait for a carriage going across the country, which would call at the inn at one in the morning. His companions being still asleep, all ceremony between them at parting was rendered unnecessary; and

Barclay,

Barclay, having secured his baggage, left them to pursue their journey in a state in which he thought they were most likely to do it peaceably.

Having now plenty of time, he ordered as comfortable a supper as the house would afford, and with the assistance of some excellent ale, and a bottle of moderate port, he endeavoured to pass away the hours as pleasantly as a man in his situation could be expected to do. His situation was new, his mind was full, but his spirits were still good. "To-morrow," said he to himself, and he could scarcely avoid smiling, "to-morrow, I shall begin to copy the bible for a crazy old woman, who does not know what she'd be at. Well, the next day I shall say, "Ma'am, I don't like this." But, hold, if I say so, they'll pop me into the coach again, and send me back to my creditors. That will never do. No; though I always did hate copying, and
though

though I feel I hate it the more, the nearer I approach it ; yet will I try it, to obtain enough money to pay off my creditors, and if I find it insupportable, I can, after all, but throw myself into their friendly arms, which are ever open, and ready to receive me."

Making these reflections, and drinking his wine, he insensibly fell asleep, and was very diligently going on with his Polyglott bible, copying away in his imagination, *Beraffitb Bera*———, when the host roused him from his dream by a tap on the shoulder, and presented him a bill. Barclay, who was yet debating in his mind which was best, going to copy, or going to jail, now, half asleep and half awake, took the landlord for a bailiff, and exclaimed, "Well, well, I'll go along with you ! and hang me but I believe 'tis the best of the two !"

Rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself a little, he presently perceived his mistake.

The

The host then told him that he had stopped the coach, and, there being one place unoccupied, he had secured it for him. "The coachman," continued he, "is in a hurry to be off, therefore I made so bold, your honour, as to wake you, and bring you this here bit of a bill."

Our hero discharged the demand, and, ordering his things to be put in the coach, once more took a seat to proceed to the end of his journey. Barclay found——— you'll find what in the next chapter.

C H A P XVI.

An Irishman.—Legs where they should not be.—The young ones surprized.—Perseverance.—'Tis not through love of virtue that many people are not practically vicious.—The blue devils.—Why men voluntarily endure toils and dangers.—No merit in honesty.—The great and the good examined.—What will make a man at peace with himself.—A friendly separation.

Now are you all agog to know what Barclay found, and I have a great mind not to tell you. He found something, like what the Irishman found who was sent by his master to a friend's house to make an inquiry. There, now, you're

as wife as ever ! But, come, I will tell that story.

“ Well, Blarney,” said his master to him when he returned, “ did you find the gentleman ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” replied he, “ by my soul, “ did I.”

“ So, and what did he say ? ”

“ Say ! The gentleman say ! May I never touch another drop of whiskey if he said a word to me, or I to him ! ”

“ Well, but, what did you go for, then ? ” Did not you tell me that you found him ? ”

“ Yes, my soul, and so I did,—I found him *out*,—found him gone out.”

Barclay found his companions all silent. The moon was occasionally obscured by clouds, but at other times shone into the carriage, when our hero could perceive a young lady and an old fellow sitting backward ; and forward, by his side, a young gentleman. Seeing no symp-

toms of communicativeness, Barclay took up his nod, where he had left it off, when the landlord awoke him. He had not continued long in this state, when his attention was excited by a kind of shuffle, and he heard a voice, seemingly the old man's (for it was then dark), ejaculating, "Ah! your leg there again! Recollect our agreement, sir!"

Not a word more was said; but the moon just peeping from behind the clouds at this instant, Barclay could conjecture, from the watchful appearance of the old gentleman, and the sheepishness of the lady, and the young one, that the former was the guardian (in the shape of a husband, as it afterward appeared) of such fruit as the latter wished to taste.

Barclay did not interfere, but pretended to sleep on undisturbed. In about an hour, the old fellow, tired of watching, sunk to rest, and, by his snoring, gave joyful notice to the young pair, that he
 was

was off guard. The happy moment was seized with the greatest eagerness, and long deliciously enjoyed, till at length, amidst their billing and cooing, the carriage jolted, and the old one woke, and caught them lip to lip. A terrible uproar ensued. The old gentleman exclaimed against his wife's infidelity. The young one protested that the jolting of the carriage had thrown them together. This the lady confirmed, but all in vain; he swore he would travel no farther with him, and entering a town shortly after, the husband with his wife got out at an inn, and knocked them up, he being resolved to sleep there the remainder of the night, to avoid his young fellow traveller, whom he found no treaty could bind.

While they were taking out the luggage, our hero said to the young gentleman, who was now the only other person in the carriage, "I'm sorry, sir, for your

defeat. She's a nice girl, but the old one's too vigilant."

"Not a bit," he replied; "his watchfulness gives me a zest for the girl, which I should not otherwise have. I have come sixty miles out of my way on her account."

The coachman, at this moment, mounted the box, and drove off.

"Well," said Barclay, "and you've lost all your pains."

"By no means," rejoined the other, "I was never in such a fair way of succeeding. I shall sleep with her to-night, or I'm very much mistaken."

The stage had by this time reached the end of the town,—he stopped it, wished Barclay a good night, and jumping out, left him in the greatest astonishment at his perseverance in mischief.

Being now left alone, Barclay could not help reflecting on the late adventure. "How much pains," said he, "men take

to

to do wrong,—if they would but undergo half as much to do what's right! I own I should like the girl as well as himself, but I would not sustain so much fatigue for her. It seems, then," continued he, "that I have no objection to the vice, and if I am not vicious, it is because I am too indolent! I am afraid this case is too common; and that we are apt to imagine that there is no guilt in wishing to commit a crime, so that we do not actually commit it,—but will He, who sees *, and knows all hearts, and judges by them, hold us guiltless? I fear not."

Our hero now pursued his route without any further interruption, until after breakfast the next morning, when they

* Παντα ἰδὼν Διὸς ὀφθαλμός, καὶ πάντα νοήσας—*The eye of God seeing all things, and knowing all things, &c.* Are these the words of a Pagan! Read the whole passage, Lib. i. v. 261 to 271. HESIOD, *op. et dier.* How worthy is it of the best of Christians! ~

were hailed by a gentleman, whose free manner announced him to be no stranger to the coachman, who handed him very civilly into the carriage. He appeared about fifty, of a stout make, and of a countenance which would generally be passed over without any notice, but if closely observed might, from a certain gloom that hung about it, be imagined to betray sorrow, disappointment, peevishness, or thoughtfulness. He wore his hair powdered, and was plain and neat in his dress. "'Tis a cold morning, sir," said he, breaking silence. "Yes," replied Barclay, "it is cold, but not raw. These spring mornings are, I think, extremely grateful and refreshing."

The gentleman bowed his head in token of assent, and remained mute for a considerable time. Barclay had recourse to his book. His fellow-traveller made several remarks that needed no reply, and, by his manner, seemed inclined to get into
conver-

conversation, but without very well knowing how to bring it about. At length he ventured another common-place question, as—"Are you going far on this road, sir?"

"No, sir," said Barclay, "I am going no further than a little village called ——."

"Ay," he exclaimed, "are you going thither? Pray, if it is not impertinent, may I ask who you are going to visit?"

"I am going on no visit," replied Barclay, "but in an official situation to the Reverend Mr. Pawlet's. Are you acquainted with him, sir?"

The gentleman here acknowledged that he knew him intimately; and our hero requesting to be informed a little about the family, he gave him nearly the same description as he had received from Keppel. "And there is a brother of his," said Barclay, "a Mr. George Pawlet; you doubtless know something of him."

"Why, yes, I do," replied the other, smiling.

"Pray," continued Barclay, looking out of the window, and not noticing his smile, "what kind of a man is he?"

"To tell you the truth," said he, "he is much such another man as myself. He was originally a merchant; he has left trade; married a woman whose disposition and pursuits are quite different from his own; and, having nothing to do, he is plagued with the blue devils, and devoured by *ennui*."

"Ah!" exclaimed our hero, "so it is! Man must be engaged in doing something to make him forget himself, or he becomes miserable: such is our deplorable state. *The man who loves nothing but himself, hates nothing so much as being alone with what he loves**. All the dangers and toilsome pleasure that men willingly undergo, are

* *Pensées de Pascal*, p. 144. Amst. French.

merely

merely for the sake of hurrying them into a bustle and noise, that may make them forget themselves. Every man talks of enjoying peace and quiet at some period of his life ; but, if they once repose, and find time to examine themselves, they are wretched."

" Young man," said the stranger, considerably moved, " you have painted our nature in its true colours ; but is it not somewhat hard, that one, who is conscious of his own honesty, should not be able to find happiness in himself ?"

" Simple honesty, sir, is nothing," replied Barclay. " There is no greater applause due to a man for being honest, than for keeping his hands clean : they are both *for his own comfort*. Indeed it is a lamentable thing to see a man pride himself upon his honesty, or the world praise a man for being honest, since it only proves the rarity of what should be (and it is our shame that it is not) as common as man

himself. Whatever it is a man's duty to do, and he has it in his power to do, cannot be considered as a merit. Merit implies an act, &c. not common, nor capable of being performed by every one. Therefore it is, perhaps (and I am sorry to say it), that most men, whatever they may affirm to the contrary, would rather be *great* than good: by *great* I mean *famous*. I fear I tire you," said Barclay, "or I could read, to our purpose, a passage from a book I have in my hand, which is, in my opinion, exquisitely expressive, just, and true."

"I shall listen to it with pleasure," rejoined his companion eagerly.

"Notwithstanding this tablet*," says the author, "exhibits the greatest names which the theatre of the world can boast, all the reputation that man can gain appears very inconsiderable when we reflect

* Priestley's Description of a Chart of Biography, p. 25. O si sic omnia!

how many are gone before us whose applause we can never hope to obtain, how extremely indistinct is the reputation of many who made the greatest figure in past ages, and how far they are eclipsed by the reputation of those who have succeeded them. Lastly, it hath a peculiar and striking effect upon the mind to consider how widely different a **TABLET** of **MERIT** would be from this **TABLET** of **FAME**; how many names would be wholly obliterated, and how many new ones, absolutely unknown to the world, would take their places upon changing the one into the other. And, considering that these tables will at length be changed, that this *tablet of fame* will be cancelled, and that of *merit* or *moral worth* produced, never to be changed more,—how much more solicitous should we be, even from passion for true fame, to have our names written on the *tablet of real merit*, though as yet concealed from human view, than

on the *tablet of mere present and perishable renown*; having in prospect that time, in which the righteous *only* shall be had in everlasting remembrance, while the name of the wicked shall rot!"

When our hero had concluded this quotation, the stranger, who had listened to it with great attention, and gazed with admiration on Barclay, said:

"I am delighted with what you have read, and regret as heartily as yourself that there should be people so blind to their true interest as to prefer being *famous* to being *good*; but still am I at a loss to guess what is to make a man contented and at peace with himself, if honesty will not."

"Religion!" replied Barclay; "and it is one of the wonders of the Christian religion that it reconciles a man to himself, by reconciling him to God; renders self-reflection supportable to him, and makes repose and solitude more agreeable to many.

many than the ceaseless agitation and wearisome turmoil of the bustling world *

“ Sir,” said the stranger, warmly, “ I must have some further conversation with you. Your language, and free and bold manner of speaking, please me ; beside, though no physiognomist, I have a great feeling of physiognomy, and like a man the better or worse the moment I see his face : the moment I saw yours, it prepossessed me in your favour. We are now fast approaching my old and your new residence. You will, I dare say, be very comfortable where you are going ; I shall endeavour to add to it.”

The coach here drew up at the entrance of a grove of trees ; and the stranger, taking our hero by the hand, gave him a hearty shake, and got out, saying, they should soon see each other again.

It was about twelve o'clock at noon when the carriage entered the village with

* Pascal, p. 144, id.

Barclay, whose spirits were so much agitated with the thought of his new situation, and of how he should conduct himself, that he presently forgot his fellow-traveller. The coach stopped at a sort of inn. Barclay alighted, put himself in decent trim, ordered his baggage to be taken care of, and, inquiring the way to the parsonage, set off to enjoy the comforts of a first interview.

C H A P. XVII.

The reader no Janus, or he would not do what he often does.—How a rich man must live to be healthy.—People frequently surprised without cause.—A literary secret.—The parsonage.—Tribulation.—A quid pro quo.—A scene in the maid's bed-chamber.—An unexpected discovery.—Love and biera picra.—Love like every thing, but most of all like a ghost.

WITH feet that far outstrip the wishes of his heart Barclay proceeded towards the parsonage, ruminating on the freaks of Dame Fortune, and cursing her for reducing him to the servile employment of copying the factory of other people's brains. "Not," said he, "that I mind the situation in which I am placed, be-
1
cause

cause it deprives me of the fanciful advantages of wealth, but because it wastes my youth in the performance of a task which I deem much beneath my spirit and acquirements."

The reader will be pleased to observe, that Barclay was talking to himself, and he will then allow that, however wrong it may be for a man to flatter himself, there is by no means any thing uncommon or unnatural in it. He has done it himself a thousand times I'll be sworn, and has been as often ridiculed for it; but, being no Janus*, he could not see and improve by the derision and contemptuous merriment he suffered behind his back.

Our hero continued:

"I call the advantages of wealth *fanciful*,

* PERSIUS, Sat. i. v. 57. O Jane, &c.
Hadst thou but, Janus-like, a face behind,
To see the people what splay mouths they make;
To mark their fingers pointed at thy back,
Their tongues lolled out, &c.

DRYDEN.

ciful,

ciful, because every advantage we derive from it, excepting that of doing good, (which is, alas ! so little practised) dwells solely in the fancy, without in the least partaking of reality. Sumptuous cloathing, prodigal entertainments, and so forth, these are what men generally consider as the advantages of riches ; but do they contribute to happiness ? No : for the coarse-clad peasant, with his oaten-cake, is happier than those who make no other use of the favours of fortune*. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, indeed, has said, that “ the only way for a rich man to be healthy is, by exercise and abstinence to live as if he was poor ; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty †.” Then those things which are commonly termed advantages are not real, but merely fan-

* The poor man has this advantage over the rich :—the former labours for gold, which he may possibly acquire ; but the latter toils for happiness, and he toils in vain !

† Sir Wm. Temple's Works, vol. iii.

ciful, and of course to a sane mind of no value or allurements.

Meditating thus he bent his way toward the parsonage, with, as I have observed, feet that far outstript the wishes of his heart; but, had he in the slightest manner conceived what fortune had prepared for him, when most she seemed averse, his ardent desires would have had still more reason to complain of the slowness, than of the swiftness of his motion. Such are the mysterious ways of Fortune! When we think ourselves the most deserted by her, then are we often her most peculiar care; but we should not wonder at this, for when things come to the worst they infallibly mend. We should, indeed, wonder at nothing. Most of those events at which people wonder, are what they had in truth the greatest reason to expect; consequently it merely serves to make them appear silly and absurd. I shall mention two circumstances, which
are

are the constant subjects of surprise, when in fact there is nothing at all surprising in them.

There is a foolish wonder expressed by persons in general, after waiting some time for any one, if, when they have given up all thoughts of his coming, he should make his appearance. But it should be remembered, that the very moment when they cease to expect him, being the utmost limit and critical, is that at which there should be no wonder if he came. Again, those who have any slight wound wonder how it happens that they are always hitting it and making it ach, as if they did it for the purpose, not recollecting or justly perceiving that they do not hit that particular part any oftener, nor perhaps so often as many others, but that its being fore makes them notice it whenever they do.

There is a third thing also which may be a matter of surprise to my readers,
and

and that is, why I delay thus, and do not pursue my narrative. But this, too, is an idle wonder, and only proves that they know very little about writers of my cast, who are truly of the noble FABIAN race, for they do every thing CUNCTANDO * *by delaying*. This literary secret, however, must be *entre nous*. I entreat you not to let it go any further.

The village through which Barclay passed in his way to the parsonage, that stood at some distance from it, was very neatly built, and pleasingly rural. The first object that struck him on quitting it, was the church, situated on an eminence, and by its side, in a little valley, he espied the parsonage-house. The country about it was well-cultivated, and, being intersected by a beautiful stream, which lent

* And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, *by delays*, to put a stop to fate!

DRYDEN'S Translation of VIRGIL,
or rather of ENNIUS.

its

its assistance to a neighbouring mill, it presented from many points the most engaging and delightful prospect. On coming to the church, Barclay had a perfect view of the place whither he was going, which entirely engrossed his thoughts, and formed the sole object of his contemplation. Seating himself on the hill, he fixed his eyes on his new abode in the vale below, which he now perceived to be a white house, but so covered with vines, interwoven with jessamine and honey-suckle, that this was scarcely discernible. In the front was a green lawn, surrounded by a border filled with all sorts of flowers. On the left wing stood a green-house; on the right stables and out-houses; and behind a very extensive garden and shrubbery. Barclay remained a considerable time with his face towards this delicious spot, without any feelings of admiration. His mind was wholly occupied with the strangeness of his situation.

At

At length, collecting himself and rallying his spirits, he rose, and pursuing a narrow path-way, which led by a gentle descent to the parsonage, he arrived at the gate of the 'fore-court.

He rang the bell, but no one appeared. He rang a second time, with as little effect, and would certainly have imagined that nobody was within, if he had not heard a great bustle, and seen several people running to and fro in the upper part of the house. At a loss to conjecture what could be the occasion of all this disturbance, Barclay made a third essay at the bell, which proved more successful. He was admitted, and ushered into a parlour, where he saw a gentleman in a black velvet cap, whom he immediately recognized, from his friend's description, to be Mr. Pawlet. He was in the utmost tribulation, walking precipitately up and down the room, exclaiming, " O dear, O dear !

O dear ! She'll die, she'll surely die ! O dear !”

“ Sir,” said the maid-servant, “ here is a person who wishes to speak to you.”

“ Bless me,” cried Mr. Pawlet, turning round, “ I beg pardon.”

Barclay now presented him with Kessel's letter, which he ran over in great haste ; then, seizing our hero by the hand, he said,

“ Dear Mr. Temple, dear sir ! you are a learned man——do you know any thing about physics ?”

Barclay looked at him with surprise, not knowing what answer to make, or what to think of such a question.

“ Excuse me, Mr. Temple,” continued he, “ excuse me, you're heartily welcome : I should have said so before, but I am almost distracted. While we are talking the poor creature is dying.”

“ Dying,—who sir ?” inquired Barclay, with a secret wish that it might be his Hebrew mistress.

“ The

"The cook, sir," replied the parson, our poor cook! She complained of some of those little qualms which trouble poor women occasionally, and Mrs. Pawlet, in following an old prescription she had by her, has, dear woman! with the best intention in the world, I'm sure, given her a dose which has almost killed her."

It afterwards appeared that Mrs. Pawlet had made what physicians call a *quid pro quo* *, that is, a mistake in the prescription. The mistake she had made was this; for the sickness that afflicted the cook, she had a receipt, which prescribed, amongst other things, 3 *a drachm* of *hiera picra*, which mark she had taken for 3 *an ounce*, and con-

* A northern physician has written on *quid pro quos*, and says in his thesis, that there are "*quid pro quos* of the surgeon, *quid pro quos* of the cook," (Mrs. Pawlet was even with her, however!) "*quid pro quos* of the nurse, &c." nor does he omit that there are salutary *quid pro quos*, dangerous *quid pro quos*, indifferent *quid pro quos*, &c. Heaven preserve us from *quid pro quos*!

frequently

frequently given her seven times more than was necessary, and almost enough to vomit the devil himself to death. The effect it produced on the cook was very different, and in the highest degree alarming; and Mr. Pawlet, having explained the whole affair to Barclay, requested him to think of something that might give her relief.

“ Indeed,” said our hero, “ I have very little medical skill. I would advise you to send for some professional man.” “ That we should have done before,” replied the parson, “ but there is not one within ten miles of the place. It was to supply this deficiency that my dear studied physic. But, oh dear,” cried he, bursting out, “ if the poor woman should die ! What will become of Mrs. Pawlet ? I know she meant well. To be sure the cook refused to take the draught after she had mixed it, and my dear declared she should leave

the house immediately if she did not; yet I know she meant well,—I am sure of it.”

Barclay, seeing his distress, said, “ That if he saw how she was afflicted, perhaps he might assist her, but he feared his advice would be of no service.”

He had no sooner uttered these words, than Mr. Pawlet took him by the arm, and hurried him up two pair of stairs, into the maid’s room. Entering, he beheld the maid servant stretched on the bed, groaning piteously. By her side, with her back towards the door, sat a young lady, holding her head, which the maid reclined on her arm; and at the further end of the chamber, on a box, was seated a thin, haggard figure, which Barclay instantly knew to be Mrs. Pawlet, leaning on her finger and thumb, in deep and unconcerned meditation.

As they came up stairs, Barclay had hinted to Mr. Pawlet, that he thought
it

it probable that a plentiful application of warm water might remove her complaint, by easing her of the cause of it. He therefore, the moment he got into the room, addressed himself to miss Penelope, the young lady, saying: "Run, Pen, run, my dear, and bring up some warm water! You say that will do her good, don't you, Mr. Temple?"

Penelope did not know what was said, or was too much occupied to attend to it.

"I think it would," replied Barclay, and, approaching the bed, he took the servant by the hand, and inquired how she felt. She was just about to answer, when Penelope, looking up to see who spoke, suddenly let the maid's head fall from her arm, and started from her seat. Barclay, at that moment, fixed his eyes on her, and quickly recollected the lovely image he had seen at Oxford. They

flood, for a few seconds, gazing at each other, in silent astonishment.

Mr. Pawlet, not adverting to our hero, and thinking that Penelope had risen to obey his orders, said, seeing that she did not stir,

“ Well, Pen, my dear, why don’t you go ? ”

“ Sir,” she replied, without taking her eyes from Barclay—

“ Lose no time, I say, but go, and fetch up some warm water.”

She had by this time begun to perceive the awkwardness of her situation, and catching at Mr. Pawlet’s last words, as an excuse for re-entering, cried, “ Yes, yes, sir,—I’ll go directly,” and hurried out of the room.

It was a doubt, now, which was worst, Penelope, Barclay, or the cook. Not that I compare love to *hiera picra*, although it is assuredly the fact, that the effect

effect of both is frequently very similar, viz.—both often making people exceedingly sick. This comparison may seem odd to some folks, but, if they reflect for an instant, they will not find it so, since there is scarcely any one thing in nature, however opposite in its kind, which may not be compared to love. Let us see. Love is like the devil, because it torments us ; like Heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss ; like salt, because it is relishing ; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire ; like sugar, because it is sweet ; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man ; like a prison, because it makes one miserable ; like wine, because it makes us happy ; like a man, because it is here to day, and gone to-morrow ; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it ; like a beacon, because it guides one into the wished for port ; like a will o'the wisp, because it often leads one

one

one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it frequently runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing breeds like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, or understood.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

BOOKS

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